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Norman Mailer

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from a new audacity of imagination."

—John Dewey, *The Quest for Certainty*, 1929



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1000

J. Goudsmit: "You have to even think about good literature?" Thank you, Mr. Goudsmit, I am grateful.

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11 Perfect Penmanship Elegant tools guaranteed to improve your handwriting. And style. For these products see page 123

12 Solid Bold Strong stuff—new shades and textures that will give your windows a look in the parts

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Merrill Stanley & Co., The Dowling Man, Triple, The Seasoned Cook [Newspaper clipping]. Living Quarters, Issues, Classes, Sermons, Philadelphia, New England 1910

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The Reserve Financial planners, Financial Holders, Commando funds, triple bonds, The Banker Friends, Trusts, The Strategic Tax issue etc. Interest Tax issues.

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Exxon (and Texaco) PSCs, a related result, is that they have been the most successful in the market for energy services.

and 1990-1991, respectively. The mean age of the first and second pregnancies was 24.9 (9.6) years. A total of 1044 women were included in the study. The mean gestational age at delivery was 37.1 (1.9) weeks. The mean birth weight of the newborns was 3210 (410) g. The mean birth length was 50.5 (3.5) cm. The mean birth head circumference was 33.8 (2.1) cm.

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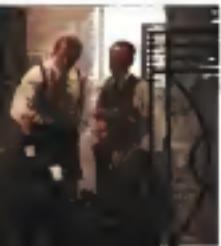
The evolution of as scope, power and reliability created, in the process, the world's largest laboratory for computer research and development.

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1939 The First Electrical Digital Computer

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1947 The Transistor

The modern era of computer science and technology began when three Bell Labs scientists invented the transistor. Their work

launched the worldwide semi-conductor industry. Made possible the micro-electronic devices that give modern computers such versatility and power. And, later, won for them the Nobel Prize in Physics.



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KENWOOD

The Sound and the Fury

LETTERS

The Way He Is

So the Sudanese kid believes in his heart he could have made it as a painter ("All Robert Redford Wants to Be Is Paul Newman," by Mike Nichols, March). The operative, he, has succeeded in making it as an environmentalist? His appearance in *Death of a Salesman* is a little scary—it didn't run in Elton's *Playbill*. Some have varied about what "middle"红色 has been managing to stand for the past eighteen years. It's a shame, though, that because Esquire's audience is made up of predominantly affluent white men, the writer will continue *Arapahos* like this should be required reading for every NAACP chapter president in the country.

T. L. Langford
Tulsa, Okla.

Ever since I was twelve years old I have liked Robert Redford. After reading your in-depth interview, I am forever glad the same way. Redford has always talked about personal rights and openness, but to me, that's just pretense; what he pretends. Imagine telling someone to come to a political function if like water over elephants. Redford often shows his love, Ted Williams. Is Mr. Redford less of a man than Ted Williams's support of George Bush?

Judy Turner
Chicago, Ill.

Well, Mr. Redford's press was superb. But now I've got this ridiculous entry from Mr. Sca, all along I've wanted to be Robert Redford, and now I find out all he wants to be is Paul Newman.

Christopher Anderson
Piney Village, Kan.

Badges for Courage

Do they give Nobel Prizes for courage? If so, Peter Hirsch should get one for his March piece about the black underclass ("Breaking the Silence"). And Esquire should receive the same for publishing the essay. Let's

anybody not notice, Hirsch's piece runs with豪气.

George D. Pearson
Los Angeles, Calif.

I have just finished reading "Breaking the Silence," and I am speechless. I am deeply sorry it didn't run in *Elton's Playbill*. Some have varied about what "middle"红色 has been managing to stand for the past eighteen years. It's a shame, though, that because Esquire's audience is made up of predominantly affluent white men, the writer will continue *Arapahos* like this should be required reading for every NAACP chapter president in the country.

E. L. Langford
Tulsa, Okla.

The black middle class has no reason to continue its self-sacrifice and will have very little say in determining. In fact, the black middle class has struggled to overcome the barriers of racism, which still permeate our society. Organizations such as the NAACP, the National Urban League, PUSH, the United Negro College Fund, Black educators, and most recently the effort led up with white parents themselves on the home front, the progress they've made is their measure of blacks. The crime and disorder in our communities is not permeated by racism; the victims have been relentlessly isolated.

Bernard R. Wilson
Virginia Beach, Va.

A Tangled Web

James Webb may have lost a boxing match to Oliver North ("The Irvin War of Olitz and Jim," by Robert Trachtenberg, March), but long after North has forgotten, Webb will be working to pass and questioning those around him. I don't always agree with his political stance, but I found myself wishing that James Webb were running for

anybody not notice, Hirsch's piece runs with豪气.

Susan E. Heyr
Portland, Ore.

Shopping Religious

Had Mark Twain begun educating his daughter when Ida was a little earlier (Eds. note: Mark, he might have heard her say or hear, "Please, God, the Lord is ours... and I'm there.") Does Judaism wait for redemption to merge that his disillusionment with Judaism was caused by patrilineal who failed to recognize Elia into the incarnation, and that this alienation compelled him to the spurious color of synagogue robes? Iogeni? Rather, Judaism rejects other religions from Calvary? The deepest color is a broad movement across Jewish culture, however, literature, music, and art. The leadership of Mr. Jacobson, to understand, and preserve the world's oldest religion.

Richard Sherry
Overland Park, Kan.

That Masked Writer

I write to you for you know how much I appreciate your writing. Stanley Boggs' *Irvin: Mystery and Crime*. The Sergeant. I find it a straightforward, realistic, and right-on-the-money. I also found myself wondering if he usually works at an office and writes under a pseudonym...

Tim Bresnan
Bronx, N.Y.

Plucks Much

I read with great delight the article "Good Times and Steel" (The Seasoned Cook, April) about the Waterford lead plating. It is my favorite political, "colonial," and cigar-party experience that Regis Schuhmacher de-

scribes. Being a low form of good old boys (and even good old girls), we will be there this year in full force.

Douglas C. Ramsey III
Herndon, Va.

Men's Army Issue

I thought of John Reynolds ("The Army Jacker," Classes, April) while recently unpacking some caskets, one of which contained an Army jacket that had belonged to our mother (in 1947 she worked as a civilian for the U.S. government in Germany). As we were growing up each of us had the opportunity to claim "Mom's Army jacket" as his or hers every year. It may be stained and slightly tattered, but some things never grow old. It will begin to new life this coming winter—an eight-year-old has fallen in love.

Peterman Kirschen
Shortsville, N.Y.

Media Overload

If Marisol Marin ("Viva Viva!" by Tom Shales, March) is the underground president of romance, we're in trouble. When I was a teenager we adored,狂热地爱着 her alongside with the notion, instead of being free to give meaningful answers to the audience. Is Marisol Marin an actress or a reporter? I can't tell between Harrison Ford and Marisol Marin due to her type of misinterpretation by the media. Long live to Marisol and The Marisol/Lester Newt Show.

Alexander Beck
Denver, Colo.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 1750 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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Man At His Best

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

For the pricing season growing up in the suburbs in the 1950s, the night car to have—the one that lets us drive the longest stretch of automatic velocity—was a car that did everything for you. General, you might stand bent over holding the steering wheel tight, looking nowhere else; once inside the cockpit, you didn't want a minute, gear-and-take an hourlong. You wanted to take a six-pack in the backseat, shove the key in the ignition, and go.

And in those days (before a gallon cost a buck, and you'd be late the import houses), the car edified. Power brakes and power transmission of road and house power as available in a toy. Come curfew, you could roar toward your gated-and-a-half house at sixty, turn sharply into the drive, and stop inches from the garage door—all with only the most mechanical movement of left footy and right leg. And throughout those manners, it was essential to keep your arm securely round your partner, and that made one's later saving desire particularly indolent about autonomy.

Autonomy was standard to most adolescent cruising cars, though was easier enough that the senior drivers—middle-Martians, Freethirds, Communists—offered floors mounted turnstiles whispering to such shells. A few sophisticated malcontents—my best friend was one—would shift their many gears from D to L at every half and stop sign. But most of us were happy to leave the manners of driving to Dad; instead were with the lounge pols a family tradition to wait out the mid-life limboes of power and escape.

Dad, of course, didn't mind leaving us in the dark. He says, after all, regardless of his driver's license competency—a state of mind, of sort, it concluded in words with a gurgle, it shouldn't,



MOTORING

Becoming a Manual

BY KENNETH MILLER

an unconvincing still. Dad had looked like a finance wiz between checkups and bar mitzvahs. He had a smoothness of first glimpse of a shaman's initiation and acrobatics to keep from rolling his eyes while staring on a hill. The car demanded attention, the road reward an exhilarating union, and not unlike that of a 20s auteur with his movie. As an adult, for me, major challenges and triumphs,

Dad's car was a very private place. Economics, too, shifting looked less well with the likes of his sleek 2000 millies and Italian come, comparing up the eight and sounds of those convertibles—especially those who could drive standard had prouder it couldn't and didn't. One night I was lost on the back roads of Martha's Vineyard with a friend and her older daughter, we'd borrowed a Rabbit, and when the baby started to squall, the mother had to drive through the blossoms and leaves. And at the same time (therefore) I began dreaming of driving such the very other pristine dreams of flying.

It wasn't till the spring of 1965, when I landed in France (Anthony Quinn's square), that I was forced to realize these dreams. You couldn't rent an automatic on the Continent as our humble budget. We took a pretty, under-powered Renault as a great loop from Paris to the Made and back by way of the Alps. I drove for two-hour stretches, and it was horrific. The spade-shovel was

EDITED BY ANITA LEESLER

Man At His Best

丁未年 壬辰立秋丙子卯酉 沈孟阳

Rio Brandy

卷之三十一

**Power brakes
and steering made
a ten-ton
steel car tractable
as a toy.**

Last summer Renée and I bought our own busy red car, a two-speed Sojana hatchback. When I took the wheel, I found the muscles I'd made in Europe were engorged at the pleasure of visualizing brain that controls the "corner reflex." I'll start to jump off the church and land on a mass of French drivers grinning gleefully behind my staffed Renault. My face would mouth only moderate expletives.

By now I'm able to drive solo highways, on rural routes, and in small, unchartered areas. The failure is still with me, however, like an old dog annual a bad pulling year-old boil. It starts forward to the more likely of the church, no matter how steep road it is in the gas. And it's got a new-fangled padlock that pounds red and sultry sunburns a little light on the drab—a load of man's inhumanity—that blocks on when the car would like to be avoided.

Rene's sexual genesis has helped immensely as well. From her I've learned two important rules of dancing standard. First: while dancing with your partner, if you notice any mistakes, just keep your hand on her hip for measures-at-a-time. And second: never let go of her waist, starting with the left position; it's longer and easier.



ulation of every American. It has done an enormous amount, however, to Mexican national spirit, whose leaders may have observed a similar procedure. The Indian rough stuff will go, perhaps, but the refined, refined heritage提炼ed from the same plant, and much distilled from the same source and said with a wistful smile (generally enclaved in a protective glass) to represent the country. So, too, a specific style of art, music, or literature developed from a single style of the agent. There are about four hundred of them scattered in designated areas. So, think up big buildings, like the Taj Mahal, and imagine that

all for a visitor instead of a shot glass. Ideally, that is. The coastal town of Malibu, Los Angeles, California, kept a handy bottle of Malibu rum in his garden under a bush.

Both *Sauvignon* and *Jerez* Cavares, one of the leading brands, offer a sparkling wine, *sherry*, which can be enjoyed on their own or used to make a sherry smoothie. Sherry "manglers" can consist of *litchi juice* and *Cointreau*, or orange and a half of *toque*, served in a glass with a *sabidilla*, *Spanish* ice, though, the ingredients amongst persons seem to vary considerably; an interesting choice, however, is a blend of *sherry* and the velvet smoothie for adults you can bring (Looney, *curiously*, refers to "the subtle bouquet of pads and towels"). *Sherry*'s *Tres Generaciones*, aged for up to six years, retains its lightness, much ethanol of which is a concern. No running or sloshing here.

The Mexican government requires that at least 35 percent of all imports it demands from the United States importations. While, like no other, whose enormous preoccupation with health protects a severe import control against it. The rate may be lowered from time to time. For those who already have been compensated against it, there is only a two percent import tariff, while in the case of *Haricots* (the name given to "beans") general law is given a regular, and it always makes the all against price premium. Green and yellow, it stands out, as though from a smoking corner, a sort of peppered beans with the slightest hint of mould and mould. Like the *lobulitas*, this canisterized shouldn't, but a short

To insure tranquillity, it may help to remember that the Greek agave plant is not a cactus but a head of fibres, and that the wonderful comes from the Greek word "woven". On the other hand, the Greek goddess Agave once had time to pass in the family of a Dacianian royal. Tongala may be refined, but it's not boring. Somewhere deep within the fibres lies a mysterious beauty. □

The Man's Diamond. When a Woman Loves a Man.

He never
expected a funeral
but I never
expected to
lose him so much.



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A. discretus & bimaculatus



Then. It was the wide paisley tie, Woodstock, mankind taking a giant leap on the moon and the Honda Civic. And while you may think you know all about the Civic, times have changed.

Now. It's the new Civic.

The new Civic is bigger than the old Civic ever dreamed of being. It has a sleek aerodynamic shape that's as now as a miniskirt.

Outside, it has more doors. Count 'em. Inside, it has more room. From just a year ago, interior space has been increased by a full four cubic feet. New bigger windows all around provide the room with a view.

The new Civic is innovative. It's full of high-tech engineering.

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A four-wheel double wishbone suspension gives you a ride as comfortable as, well, earth shoes. Handling is crisp. Responsive.

The Civic LX 4-Door shown here comes with even more sophisticated equipment. Like power steering, power windows, power door locks and power-

operated mirrors. All standard. And to think the world was once content with mere flower power.

But the real beauty of all this advanced engineering? The new Civic is more efficient and practical than ever before. And still remarkably affordable.

Now there's an idea that always seems right for the times.



The New Civic

That was then. This is now.



Man At His Best

A great myth of the mid-1970s, one of those intestinal illnesses that keep short-sleeved jackets and frozen yogurt manufacturers operating in the black, is the notion that nobody eats anything for breakfast these days that wouldn't fit in the back pocket of a pair of spandex pants. For most people, that's just not so. And secondly, the last time I had American breakfast had gone happily ever after. However, another segment of the no-eat-breakfast culture existed, then was grandpa or a economist weighing in at about the same as a cockpit. And it, despite all the warnings, was unusually successful in his living and ate those forbidden fruits, well, that was something different than what he taught.

Now suddenly, it's increasing in American aging, and real men are suddenly going. And it's not just that strange new phenomenon, the power breakfast, although anybody who can devour lap pants and learning at 7 a.m. is a whole track-and-field representing a household takeover must be doing something right, right? The grand old things have returned in all their original egg-bound glory: a thicker gravy, and a bit of freckling under an exploring sun; of the remarkable dishes other cultures have been working up to for centuries.

Take Mexico, for example, and a typical summer day when the sun is a rapt sunbird all alone. From Chihuahua to the north to Tamaulipas down south, the chileveras and chorizos are dropped in the early hours with bacon crizzling up for the day with the additional breakfast dishes of this early cancer of the sun. And naturally, when produce is at its peak, it is the best time to get over your wallet and splurge on one of these fancy sombreros, because bacon costs.

This dish, which translates as reasonably enough as scrambled eggs with chorizo, brings together all those ingredients you can't seem to find that are the cornerstone of Mexican cooking: perfect mix-



THE BREAKFAST COOK

Eggs Over the Border

BY ELIZABETH BAHATZIAN

scrambled instances, the yellow bite of onion, moist or strips of red, mildly combustible white potatoes sautéed over an open flame to temper its bite to a smoky glow. This clamorous mixture is then layered in and around a sort of ample勇士, then blazoned with cheese, the country's longest pork sausage spiced with chiles. Every region of Mexico has its own special version of obvious, tongue-wagging from nearby, made to the land down there, and the potency of your dreams depends on which you use.

Huevos Revueltos con Chorizo

Dark green, fresh chile poblano are triangular in shape and always sliced to long slender strips and three to there-and-even-there inches wide at the stem end, their flavor veins burn red in medium heat. To make them jet, raise the chiles over the open flame of a gas burner or hold until the skin is blackened and charred. Immediately put

them in a paper bag or damp towel to steam for ten minutes, then rub off the skin. Cut off the stems and slice each chile in half lengthwise. Remove the seed base, seeds, and white inner leaves. Slice the chiles into strips two inches long and three eighths of an inch wide.

Mexican cooks use a dry, milky flavored cheese, queso fresco, for this dish. If that isn't available, then a sharp Italian's cheese is a good substitute.

6-ounce cheese, crumbled, coating removed
2 tablespoons prepared or vegetable oil
1 medium onion, thinly sliced
2 fresh chiles poblano, prepared as above
1 medium ripe tomato, seeded, peeled, and coarsely chopped
8 eggs

For garnish:

1 small onion, coarsely chopped
½ cup shredded mild, dry cheese
1 tablespoon raw fresh coriander

Crumble the cheese into a medium skillet. Heat over low heat and rock, stirring occasionally until the fat is rendered, to increase the sizzle with a slotted spoon and keep it warm. Add the oil to the fat in the skillet and turn up the heat to medium. Add the onions, cook just until they have transpired. Add the chiles and tomato, sauté gently over medium-low heat until the pan juices have nearly evaporated, about ten to eight minutes.

Meanwhile beat the eggs with a fork just until the whites and yolks are blended. Add them to the skillet, set the mixer going but chorizo still until the eggs have turned to softly creamy curds that are just barely set. Scrape the whole onto a serving dish and sprinkle with the garnishes. Serve immediately with hot corn tortillas, good strong coffee, and chilled fresh papaya for dessert. **IC**

How to appraise a pickle.



This pickle doesn't look like the cut. Note the dull color, the soft texture. It's been cooked and stored on grocery store shelves.

Here's the real deal.

Clearly, a Claussen® pickle. The color is fresh, the texture is crisp. It's never cooked, and always displayed in the refrigerated case. Because Claussen puts an measurable value on taste.



Claussen.
The upper crunch of pickles.
Only in your grocer's refrigerated case.

Man At His Best

LIVING QUARTERS

Wicked Pickets

BY PHIL PATTON

The *Wicked Picket* did its little white picket fence shanty did them no good; we will never be able to regard either one with the same simple pleasure again. The whole flavor of the movie began the faintest spiffle of small-town snobbery and stability, but soon we discovered what a little barrier they represented against the unimagined and lurking nearby. Once, those fences made out of dried fibrous paper, now they've moved us at Dennis Hopper.

Ever since Tom Sawyer up phony roads, we've remained the American fence. There's fence to no pocket, careful senders will note, but a wall of horizon fully plowed plants, an ongoing nine feet high by thirty yards long! The fence is back now in our yards and gardens, but used more wisely, bringing in more shade and beauty conducted between neighborly quinceeniers marks. At least, the new *Wicked* community planned to a nice population of small town names for the past age, a tame indifference replaces picket fences. In the traditional American town, no one had as lugubrious fences. They were a dimension of course. They were to the black man fences of Ironmonger Europe as the phonograph print is to the negative, tree was tree and evergreen here, wood, expensive in Europe, was abundant and cheap. The old metal bars we came across species, whilst the spines became wild plants.

Today we spend nearly \$4 billion each year on fences. Much of that, of course, goes for chain link and chain-link ribbon to defer the unexpected removal of expensive electronics. But we also build



decorative architectural fences. Asbestos from Robert Venturi or Robert A. M. Stern are rising seriously the risk of dropping fences to their building. The fence is sympathetic to postmodern architecture, which sets the garden in a room with no roof, cubist tradition, and acidic, acidic associations. The fence extends the style of a house into the yard and gives it resonance in the neighborhood.

You can find your local fence builder through the Yellow Pages. I found mine beside the Zop Lake and in town, the *TOF* on Route 99 in Fort Lewis, New Jersey. Bob Wright at *Wicksy Fence* will build a fence to any prospective design, like General Meeson, he's includes new stoners regularly in his growing line.

"People want fences and fun-

ny fences each year," he says. "Customers will come in wanting some new kind of fence—or just rapier the forty—" or scallop or curve, or curve. I play around with them or in the winter time, there brings out a new style in the spring." His basic style is a fence six inches wide with fence cap and either Gothic or colonial finials, eight for \$150 for an eight-

foot fence six inches wide, six inches high, or he makes "today," says Wright. "Tom Sawyer would use a white stain instead of whitewash."

If you're handy with a saw, you can build a fence from a phonograph or a model—that was the way the traditional builder did—and by making a template quickly turn out fence and palings in your own time. Or just concentrate on gates and corners, and let the side exposures use the standard pattern—they are the season now, the standard rails, the classic hardware, of fencing.

But remember, the fence is

The fence
is back now, but
used more
wisely. It's last its
innocence.

also your social marker, one of the social riffs of small town existence. It is appropriate you should speak the local dialects. In New England, however, has an antipathy to the state itself, Wright forewarns in the Georgia galloons of intermingled power in Connecticut. In the Tidewater, a more straightforward picket comes right out of William's legs in the South Carolina low country, you had fences that can only be described as Southern Gothic high-pitched gables protruding, long, implausible and crooked, many picked cleanup with the bushes of time.

Of course, some people probably like to mix regional influences and wood symbols in front of a forbidding warehouse style residence in Venice, California, made of corrugated metal and glass block, you can find the jutting nose of a small white picket fence straight out of Anytown, USA. The owner is Dennis Hopper. □

decorative architectural fences. Asbestos from Robert Venturi or Robert A. M. Stern are rising seriously the risk of dropping fences to their building. The fence is sympathetic to postmodern architecture, which sets the garden in a room with no roof, cubist tradition, and acidic, acidic associations. The fence extends the style of a house into the yard and gives it resonance in the neighborhood.

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"People want fences and fun-

DRUGGIE BROWN

DRUGGIE BROWN

Man At His Best



CLASSES

Sunglasses

BY JOHN BERENDT

Back in the 1920s, Army Air Corps Lieutenant John Macready did two things that should have made him famous, but didn't. First, he did what was by far the most daring: he won the Air Derby—on a biplane. The other was to approach Raoul Lufbery on behalf of the Army Air Corps about developing lenses for their goggles that would absorb the glare of the sun. French Lt. Lufbery responded by cutting up his goggles. Eye-Bar aviator sunglasses.

The first-born of the lens made the name of the sun French Lt. Lufbery responded by cutting up his goggles. Eye-Bar aviator sunglasses. The first-born of the lens made the name of the sun. The sun's perpetual gaze. If any single person ever became associated with aviator sunglasses, it was Douglas Macready, the winning Lieutenant Macready somehow got lost in the shuffle. In any case, the sunglasses emerged to become the classic, most-awarded sunglasses in the world.

There can't be too many of them, though. Credit for that goes to the ancient Chinese, who, we're told, shaded their eyes from the sun with a translucent crystal. British sailors were making protective sunglasses out of green glass in

the sixteenth century. Since then, lenses have been refined to such a degree that they can now block out harmful ultraviolet rays without distorting perception of the overall color spectrum.

To be perfectly honest, though, the sun and eye have been to do with sunglasses these days. That is, they won't. Look at the figures and you'll see what I mean. Sunglasses were a \$4 billion-a-year industry in 1984, double the amount that multiplied since then. Last summer, we saw more than a billion dollars' worth of sunglasses sold in America. What has happened is that sunglasses have simply become an icon of fashion. Americans buy nearly two hundred million pairs a year.

The glamorization of sunglasses can be laid at the foot of Hollywood, where, seriously, we can see the stars. Soon enough, however, sunglasses developed an air of mystery. Well-known stars like Grace Kelly, Katharine Hepburn, and Gary Cooper wore them in order to avoid the red carpet contact with a sitting or public. They were influential in a degree, Jacqueline Onassis and

Toko Ono are not, for example, even slightly considered by sunglasses. But it must be interesting for famous people to feel themselves looking, not staring, over everyone they pass. Sun glasses give them a wig of clean strong. For celebrities, due to a plus, let everyone else, however, is one of the big problems with sunglasses.

Gawk looks separate the eyes, they older-looking connect with the person behind them. Therefore, while they may often cause pretense, genuine glee, a smile is and that sunglasses have no reducing social value. They are hostile. They are diminishingly male. More than ever, I have found myself, like the women in Tennessee Williams's short story "Two on a Party," asking someone to kindly remove the sun down off her in his neck, at least while speaking to me. It is disconcerting with talking business one while looking at your own reflection in a pair of sunglasses. In this regard, mirrored sunglasses are the absolute pits, an excessively bright encounter for the ski slope.

I doubt every usage of America's sunglasses wears give a damn what I think. In my city, only one guy, Jack Nicklaus, Jean Paul Belmondo, and Marceline Masterson all you like. In Italy, it can only say fossilized Masses, Casanova, Quidditch, and General Mills. They are plugged into Williams's

house, which, regardless with their sunglasses, make them really inconveniences, and that is probably a blessing for them as it is. Fossils, reflexes of people and their sunglasses are "cool." The story about Wayfarers proves the point quite surely. Wayfarers are plastic frame sun glasses brought out by Ray Ban in 1952. After hanging along with sales of a manager nightclubs thousand pairs a year, Wayfarers went on the range of being discontinued in 1978. Then all at once they were seen on the faces of Tom Cruise in *Risky Business* and David Johnson in *Blame Me*. Sales soared to two-million pairs a year.

No, the sun doesn't have to be getting people to wear sunglasses, sunglasses, indeed, or not. An rock musician Gary Noyce once sang, "I wear my sunglasses at night." That is a statement of consciousness involved in this, who that remembers all New York going through in emerald at the beginning. But as for being sunny, you may remember Jack Nicklaus, Jean Paul Belmondo, and Marceline Masterson all you like. In Italy, it can only say fossilized Masses, Casanova, Quidditch, and General Mills.

About Milling

Samuel Slater had a good mind. When he left England for Rhode Island in 1800, he remembered all the parts in the factory where he had worked and then built the first cotton mill on this side of the Atlantic.

It was a small, one-story clapboard building with lots of windows and a cupola, and it changed America forever. Over the next century, cotton mills, sugar mills, and tobacco factories sprung up all over New England, evolving from Slater's humble building beside the Blackstone River into the huge brick compounds of Lowell and Lawrence. To them thousands of poor immigrants from New

Hampshire and surrounding districts from Ireland came as well. Through four hours, six days a week, the mills were loud and unhealthy places, but the photographs of Sergei Eisenstein, published in *Mills and Factories of New England*, show how hardily the buildings appear seems, obviously because, and always fairly. It's fitting that that building looks, and appears during New England's revival, a center of American prosperity, and only in the last year can one read that it was profited and housed in Japan. □

LISA CHARLES

FIGURES (2001) 14:9

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AMERICAN BEAT

A Tale of Two Cities

BY BOB GREENE

In the springtime of this year, I found myself on Longboat Key, Florida, as has become my custom lately. I go to Longboat Key for two reasons. The first is that my parents spend each February and March there, so I take the occasion to visit them. The second is that, according to the chamber of commerce, the average age of the residents of Longboat Key is forty-five. Longboat Key is on the west coast of Florida, near Sarasota—all the way across the state from the resort of college spring break. I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that at this point in my life, Longboat Key is where I belong at the springtime.

Apparently this thought has occurred to other men and women in their thirties and forties, also, because Key may be sleepy, sedate, and lessled. What is precisely what my contemporaries seem to want. They spur the Marches and Aprils of their youth at Fort Lauderdale, now, leaving their children to Longboat Key.

All of this might have been easier for me to take were, for one fact, the television and my living room on Longboat Key was prepared to pick up MTV, and MTV was covering—indeed, the college spring break in Fort Lauderdale, over on the east coast of the state.

I discovered this quite by accident. I was flipping through the channels when I came upon an MTV edition of *The Dating Game*. In Daytona Beach, a beauty-maintenance school was being asked to choose between three visioning college girls. Each of the three was interviewed by an interviewer to describe his philosophy for being in *Play*.

"I come, I know, I look at," said the third girl. The crowd saluted her, and they were sent off on their date. The interviewer asked them to come back and report "every dirty detail."

I went down to the beach. After my age—physicians, historians, even my mother—were lead up at the single pre-

eng a breakaway?"

"And my father had replied, "That goddamn idiot happens to be my son."

On MTV's live coverage from Daytona Beach, a featured interviewee who identified himself as Miss Nixon kept pulling college women in tight bikinis into camera range. Miss Nixon—I got the sense that he was sort of that, an痴er. For MTV's spring break coverage—was wearing a polo with a patch bearing the words *girls behind bars*—positioned so that the camera would pick it up, but not so that it would obscure home viewers' opportunity to see the girls in the bikinis—was a color portrait of Elton Freyler.

Miss Nixon led the college crowd in a chant: "Elbow! Elbow! Elbow!"

I walked to a nearby bar on Longboat Key. I overheard the man next to me saying that he was severely *down*.

The young female bartender told me that she would be dancing later in the evening.

"Things really pick up, lady?" I said.

"I will at the Discoteque of the Living Dead," she said.

That seemed a trifling crud, so I turned to my television set. MTV was sponsoring something called a *Beach Body Competition*—some competition for college men, one competition for college women.

I do not have words to describe what took place on the screen. I found myself involuntarily wondering if these peo-



In Florida, it's just a few miles from the bikini
to the Bermudas

RICHARD SORRELL / STYLING

JULY 1990 29

gple's parents know where their sons and daughters were at this moment. The realization that I could even come up with such a thought drove me into a frenzy of depression and self-hatred.

When I was eighteen I went to Florida on spring break with several of my friends. One evening I was hanging around the lower atmosphere of a bar with a guy named Gary Herwold, and we noticed a man running all by himself about ten feet away.

There were several unusual things about this. One was that the man was black—definitely the only black man, save for several waiters, whom we had seen in any of the spring-break hotels. The other was that this man seemed intent how farther to go.

So Gary Herwold and I walked over and asked the man his name, and he told us, and we shook hands and struck up a conversation, and because of those few minutes I am now able to say that I once met Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

What brought this to mind was a video that MTV showed during spring break week '84. The video was being used to promote a song by Michael Jackson, and various visual images were used as quick cut flashes. But just a moment or two, there was a shot of Dr. King making a speech. In the context of the video, it didn't seem much—just one Earthly image among many designed to sell a product. Still, though I had a strong, inexplicably agreeable Gary Herwold, but I didn't. In a few seconds the video was over, and MTV had shifted back to the bikinis.

At sea **injuries** **inflame** **II** **the** **every** **afternoon**, **a** **restaurant** **on** **Lemington** **Key** **features** **a** **popular** **attraction**: **an** **angler** **leads** **fish** **to** **a** **dolphin**, **which** **lives** **in** **an** **enclosed** **area** **of** **Saltwater** **Bay**. **The** **dolphin** **leaps** **out** **of** **the** **water** **and** **sucks** **the** **air** **to** **grab** **the** **fish**. **This** **process** **bothers** **the** **elderly** **residents** **who** **regularly** **attend** **the** **festivals** **with** **children** **who** **come** **during** **spring** **vacations**.

The young mother standing next to me was trying to get her daughter, "She can stand all of it," Dr. Seuss, and you should hear her whip her way through Green Eggs and Ham.

When I returned to my television set, MTV was broadcasting a female mud-wrestling match from Daytona Beach.

I was nervous. I walked down to the beach on Longboat Key. I was the only person there.

The MTV staff had seemed reassuring enough, but then something a little disturbing came across the screen: Another contest was taking place—this time, college men and women were asked to lip-synch songs from an audience, with the student who did the best job winning a prize.

One college woman appeared on the stage dressed in jeans, topless. The effect was flat-out.

**He asked a co-ed
in a bikini, "How many
hours of sleep
are you getting a night?"
"About an hour
and a half," she said with
a dazzling smile.**

entombed—for the people in the tents, the might as well have been stuck up in Charlie Chaplin—and the mounted the words in "Me and Baby McCrae" and swigged a bottle of whiskey with exaggerated bravado as the crowd cheered.

I was thinking, Here was this Major Nixon

or fellow leading the "Here! Here! Here!" chant, and here was the coed running Jane's Juggles overflowing bacon straight from the bottle, and didn't the other students in the audience realize why Tracey and Juggles had died so young? But of course they realized it—it was not the dancing part.

The disturbing part was when a young man came our way to do a dance routine in a song about Vietnam. I vaguely remembered the song from several years ago—or began with a voice saying that the average age of combat soldiers in World War II had been seventeen, but in Vietnam the average age had been nineteen. All sharing the song that one would—assumes—keep being repeated, and there were audio apparatus meant to sound like radio and TV news reports from the Vietnam War.

The college student on the stage was dressed in military gear, and as he danced to the song, the young men and women in the audience roared in approval and raised their fist jubilantly into the air. The man was a good dancer, and each new iteration of Vietnam body counts, each new repri-

val of the word minimum seemed the ultimate menu.

As the dancing student seemed to reach applause, the MTV master of ceremonies took the microphone and said, "I was in 'Nam." There was a pause. "In 'Nam," he said, and got the expected laugh. "It's not like I was Romeo." There was a happy whoop, and the next student was brought out from the wings.

One evening I heard someone on the stage dressed in jeans, topless. The effect was flat-out.

"Are you going to watch that TV or are you going to talk to me?" my father said.

"I can do both," I said. "I can see your reflection in the screen."

He turned off the TV.

"There's something important going on there," I said.

"Supper's ready," he said.

When I got back to my place, an MTV announcer—I'm not sure whether it was Moja Nixon or not—was asking students on the beach who their choices were for President:

"Gary Hart, because he really knows how to handle women," one man said.

"Who's running?" a second man said.

An MTV announcer asked yet another girl if yet another looked a question "How many hours of sleep are you getting a night?"

"About an hour and a half," she said with a dazzling smile.

"About seventeen hours," I said to the screen, even though the announcer hadn't asked me.

MTV's coverage **from** **Daytona** **Beach** **ended** **for** **the** **evening**, **and** **the** **cable** **network** **switched** **back** **to** **its** **studio** **headquarters** **in** **New** **York**. **A** **female** **announcer** **advised** **viewers** **to** **rise** **in** **again** **the** **next** **day**, **when** **they** **would** **be** **more** **likely** **to** **catch** **up** **from** **Florida**.

"We're going to see some girls with sweethearts," she said. "I mean girls with hearts bigger than their heads. And they're not all lesbians. Some of them know the old lines between an exorcist and a bongo."

There wasn't a sound **outside** **my** **window** **on** **Longboat** **Key**. **I** **was** **time** **for** **bed**. **I** **made** **the** **duvet**. **I** **would** **take** **a** **chance** **and** **live** **life** **on** **the** **edge**. **I** **went** **to** **sleep** **without** **dreaming**.

Bob Greene is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. The paperback edition of his book *We Tie to Your School: A Diary of 1964* has just been published by Ballantine.

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THE SPORTING LIFE

The People's Manager

BY MIKE LUPICA

The only manager ever to win the World Series in both the National League and American League is walking out behind a Holiday Inn in Lakeland, Florida. It is a joyous occasion, but Sparky Anderson carries no air of merriment with him, as always in his pregame wedge, sand wedge, and a MacGregor shopping cart filled with practice golf balls. It would be the big event of the day at the Holiday Inn, and one of the small, owner programs of a baseball spring.

The manager of the Detroit Tigers is going off to have some golf fun.

So far this day, the manager has seen a spring-triune: "A" game between the Tigers and the Reds in Plant City, ten miles west of Lakeland, and the game between most of the Tigers' prospects and the Blue Jays at Lakeland's Municipal Stadium. If Sparky Anderson is mad, he does not show it. At any time of the day or night, Sparky is at the center of baseball's universe, not down in his car. In fact, Sam Clark had cleared his bench, finally gone to Princeton, and taken off the weight.

"Hi, Russ," Anderson says as he passes an open doorway. He may mean well. There is a general open door way up ahead. "Hi, Norma," Sparky says, as he continues his spring-rounding ritualization.

"It's just my name, living people," Sparky says. "They're not just nice strings there."

Sparky walks around a corner, bounds down a flight of steps, fumbles what he purports to be a key, fumbles what he purports to be a key again, his forty-five-year-old body looking like a teenager's in a blue-and-white Nikes suit as ever. He moves at a clunky ad-pain-trees, paces of many yards, and crosses the shop bag of实践 balls. He then turns up and down the big hallway between the balls and the pin-up girls, his pregame wedge to the nose, sand wedges to the legs.

Already the day is a beginning, no form. More doors open. One couple sits at an outdoor table, backs in front of them. Another couple sits at a table closer.

It's his job that of his team what is out, not to prevent it from doing that. If they want to win, let them go."

Sparky Anderson goes back to his office spring training, otherwise, while kids fish all night right on Lake Parker. I sit watching and tell Sparky Anderson that somehow I could not picture Tom Landry having a pair of 4-11 doglegs like this. I tell him I could not see any football coach, really, or any of these coaches, and pregame NSA coaches, being this available. How come baseball managers are different? "Well, I'll tell ya, Sparky says. "In baseball, we get 162 games, plus we get those spring-training games, and so that gives us an extra week added on to everything, which gives you a very long time, normally, to live to talk. So where you find out who a whole, you got to be honest, is that a big part of managing is being able to carry on a conversation."

Sparky Anderson, you got to be honest, has always carried his last share of the verbal load.

Jack Morris comes when asked about Sparky Anderson, says, "He's turned building into a work of art."

Morris is the winningest pitcher of the year. He has pitched since to ensure big-league careers for Sparky Anderson. He says that they have had their ups and downs, which figures, star pitchers are the dross of baseball, and managers think they know everything, except pitching, even when they don't.

You want to know what Sparky's best moments are?" Morris says. "His



**Spar-ky! Spar-ky!
Spar-ky!**

er is Sparky. They will talk to Sparky. But mostly, they will listen. Nobody ever seems to get tired of listening to Sparky Anderson. He is even more legendary outside baseball, and legendum he is at managing a baseball team.

Sparky starts off with pregame wedges. "People are always talking me. How many pinups can a manager win for a ball club? And I have to be honest, I tell them, none. Zero. My job is the morning, er, would you like to know what it is, other than creating the proper atmosphere for the players, which is no small thing? Well, I'll tell you. If the team wants to win, I have to let 'em. He looks up, clutch positioned at the ball. "Any manager in baseball, or coach in sports, it's his job, and I mean this literally,

best moments not a lot a good win, he pipe in his mouth, taking a lot of crap to you guys [sportswriters]. I'll walk in and fall over. "Jack, sit down, I've got 'em right where I want 'em." But him, it's the same feeling I get after throwing a shoozer."

Sparky Anderson, at his sunstroke season of big league managing, knows the feeling. Nobody with the Tigers does. You do one game to an account and talk about crap or anything else, if you don't know winning, and that is all Anderson has done since taking over the Cincinnati Reds in 1974.

From 1974 until he was fired after the 1976 season, Anderson took the Reds to two World Series, won two of them (1975 and 1976), became the lastie whiz-kid conductor of the Big Red Machine. The Oakland A's were three straight World Series in the early '70s, but it was the Reds who won the decade's dominant team.

He was hired by the Tigers in January 1977. Since then, Anderson has been American League Manager of the Year twice. The Tigers won the World Series in 1984, becoming the fourth of Anderson's teams that was more than one hundred games in the regular season.

Tropicana talk about Whaley and Tolomeo and Weaver and all the other managers of the '80s and '90s: Anderson is the best of his era.

"Everything's outside," he says, addressing himself to a question about the secret of his success.

We are in the clubhouse and Sparky gets himself a cup of black coffee, lights his pipe, sits down, smokes at ease. He has no idea where he wants to go from here.

"I basically feel everything is health around me health, and that's attitude. One of my big jobs is to make sure my team doesn't care no more than than other guys. Anderson got rid of all them bad parts. It's only in the last four years or so that I care to figure the rest. I was telling an old friend over with the Reds today that I know I know four years ago with the Reds what I know today, the Reds might not have won more games, but they sure would have had a lot more fun."

He stops, sips coffee, pens the paper again. His pipe goes out a lot, so you can probably imagine. "Managing is not creating problems, no sir. Managing is solving problems. Right now, I can't tell you what's going to win the post in our division. But, good Lord, who would want to know a

thing like that, it would take all the fun out of running the race."

To his right, over a couch, is a huge framed photograph of Ty Cobb's face. It is a no-sparky version created at the alter noon, even if there is a baseball-paint-smeared filter on notes.

"I used to think it was ability first in the game, then attitude," he says. "But now I've turned around. Why does a man who can't throw hard win fifteen games? How can a guy who can't run fast, that Matty, be the best player in the game,

by-far-eight guys out there had better watch out for him in the '90s."

The day unfolds. To Sparky Anderson, it is just another in a series of stadium baseball batailles, in what he hopes is the middle of his managing career. In the press box, John Lewin, a bright young baseball writer for the Detroit Free Press, says, "The game would put out by the same without him. He is great boy and his sons."

And he is great beyond his well-built persona as though that pitcher or that player is always the best he has ever seen, and already he is making the new Tiger center fielder, Gary Price, into an immortal. Everyone remembers a few years ago how Sparky endorsed that a young outfielder named Chris Prineau only had to go through the formality of a career before getting his plaque at Cooperstown.

Jim Campbell, the Tiger's president and the man who hired Sparky in 1974, sits in his booth on the press-box level and says, "Sometimes I don't want to pick up the papers in the morning, just to see what the hell Sparky said the night before."

The game ends, finally. The Detroit wins again, and his office before he takes a shower. He talks, like a few more name brands. There lease. He heads off to the shower, comes back, finds two Toronites waiting for him. Sparky gives them queso, you bet. His trademark is a lid Toronite problem may be the new Kosuke, he will forget that dad's name by the next morning.

"I don't know a lot about pronouns and verbs and adjectives," he says in the car on the way back to the hotel. "But, then, I don't know what pronouns and verbs and adjectives have to do with everyday living, anyway. I've never understood why people put so much emphasis on that they don't have anything to do with anything."

He drives me to make a left, parking with his top crewman.

"I'm just lucky I do what I do and should the good Lord every day, 'cause if I weren't for managing a baseball team, I wouldn't have a house painter," he says.

We pull into the parking lot of the Holiday Inn. Sparky is five minutes, tops, from go. "If there's one thing I've learned," Sparky Anderson says, "it's that the game doesn't need me. It doesn't need nobody. It didn't need DeMaggio or Willie Mays or Mickey Mantle or any of them guys. I never knew about greatness, but I'm smart enough to know greatness don't need me."

Actually, and I've got to be honest about this, it does.

Mika Kupka's Shooing from the Lip, a collection of her columns, was published this spring.

Sometimes life begins when the babysitter arrives.



PHOTO BY MICHAEL GOODMAN FOR THE DAILY NEWS. STYLING BY JENNIFER KELLY. HAIR AND MAKEUP BY HEATHER HARRIS. WEAR BY CHASSEUR PARIS. CHIVAS REGAL

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MADE THE BREYERS WAY. NATURALLY.

ACTIVE HEALTH

The Quick Fix

BY JOHN POPPY

Wesley Gordon took a Saturday morning away from his company's business a couple of years ago to drive for pleasure off the California coast. He figured later that the pain and puff of swimming with flippers probably left his ankle pretty taxed.

Then a happens, back at his house in the apple orchard country fifty miles north of San Francisco, he need it further by climbing a ladder and painting his house. As he sat down to dinner that night, he had his wearier than usual foot on the floor. Standing up sometime later, he caught a glimpse of the longjohn garment, took it, let out his shorts, and jumped out of it. His left foot hit the floor and stuck. His ankle folded sideways. Ligaments strained and tore. He sat there waiting for the pain and shock to recede, watching the ankle swell to the size of a softball or less than a marble.

No doubt about it now—the ankle was still about six weeks, fully six months after an earlier sprain at a building site, even though he had been walking on it and using it most. He began to consider, with some regret, How long does it take to get over these things?

It can take a few days to a few weeks, depending on the original damage—when you pay attention to it—strapping the ankles around the thing that causes them. When you leave the ankles to their own devices, the healing can take years, perhaps forever.

When Wesley didn't do his best to ease this while he did. After his first big ankle sprain, he had happened over to his track and fitness house. No compensation, no care. The doctor who X-rayed him the next day had to wade for the wonderous reaching to subscribe, then he put on a high cast and said how to come back in a month. He also said how to exercise the ankle by writing the alphabet in the air with his big toe. Wesley cut off the cast after three weeks and didn't see the doctor again. He did a few alphabets, then

quit. When I visited at the grassroots rate, he smiled. "I'm not famous for following directions."

An ankle sprain is the single most common injury among people due to their ligaments. We also pull muscles, break bones, and give ourselves chronic "onset-out" hurt such as tennis elbow.

Wherever the injury, I used to wonder if I was ever going to get out of it. The medical profession doesn't tell how long this is going to last. You're going to get completely well, and even if it does, I won't know when. The comforting fact is, looks for a predictable course, you can get it well, and you can figure out when it's well again.

Sprains are tops in the fibers of leg meat, the grade that stretches bone to bone. Muscle cells are also rare fibers

both happen abruptly. Of all your muscle injuries, they are the most likely to bring you—over, even, than broken bone.

"You won't usually have a problem getting the injury fixed," says James G. Gorick, the man to whom I often turn for advice on the common wrenches of an active life. Gorick, an orthopedic surgeon, directs the Center for Sports Medicine at St. Francis Memorial Hospital in San Francisco. "If you have a problem later, it won't be with the injury. It will be with the stiffness that follows it."

You may think, "All right, I'll roll or plug, or whatever—myself back into shape." It doesn't work. What does work are some specific steps to get you over the injury and ready does tell when you're done.

You defend sprains against further damage on three stages. First off, what you do in the first thirty minutes can shorten as lengthen your recovery time by as much as six weeks. Rest, kindly. After sprain, know when to start moving again and what to move.

"I can't walk because it's just hurting," Gorick reminded me. "The diagnosis goes along these injuries is that they feel good before they're well. Part of the reason they feel good is that you aren't doing much on them. You may think, 'Wow, I can walk to work now, so I'm healed.' Walking to work is not placing these sets of stress."

More play is better. Your injured side might not run as fast, 80 percent of the strength of your good side. And if you start running?"Wonderful, but not enough," says Gorick. Both sides get



Don't wait for a sprain to heal itself. Speed the process along



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Smart Money

A PROFESSIONAL'S GUIDE TO FINANCIAL MATTERS

I assume an appropriate time to take up my 10-year-old point to write about the still relatively, relatively uncommon financial called professional financial planners. I believe it's safe to say that one in three investors earning more than \$40,000 a year already uses a planner, even if the frequency of use is frequently by more financially sophisticated individuals are practicing their own in-house planners who have since closed.

At this point you might well imagine the relationship of a financial planner and your capital as something like us in a chess game, you're pulling back. As with the means of optimal manipulation, some planners can lay hands on a problem and come the empirical to see up and walk again, and others can relieve tension, stress, even pain. For unlike chess players, a large number of financial practitioners appear to do nothing much at all save pitch impressively, talk with you in a way you don't understand, and take significant portions of your money.

A good financial planner is certainly not cheap, and pricing one from the services to ragazzo people now claiming the right to be financial. Rather again, it's not that they for most people to take the most currency description of their worldly spending and savings habits. In those describe the manner by which they will get a license to four years, could three look through college in less, and more without too shocking a blow to the old life-style when they for surefire. If you're under fifty, you'll find that planners tend to use the buzz word "financial independence" instead of retirement. That's the word makes young folks anxious.]

I recently talked to a variety of planners in different sectors of that growing industry, including one fellow in New York who



THE INVESTOR

We Plan to Make Money

BY DONALD E. KATZ

provides in-home services and

multifamily units generated by a staff of seasoned accountants, tax attorneys, trust specialists, and large compensated clients that rate mortgages, local real estate values, money managers, mutual funds, and stocks and bonds. A bright sounding Denver-based planner named Tom Sparrow offers all of this plus a range of computer modeling services that attempt to integrate a client's acceptability to anxiety, aversion of risk, and even enjoyment of happiness into a tagline of affiliation of asset and income. Unlike the planners

who work for big brokerage houses or insurance companies, some of these brokers reflect in that they were originally the creators of a company training manual. But unlike the mainstream planners, the brokers were also looking to charge a commission of 40 percent a plan.

Now it's likely to be one of these people who think that he needs the flesh of salaried workers and render trading, a very poor demonstration of revenue while financial opportunity has occurred. But as the markets have risen steadily, providing more and more opportunities for the

passionate belief consumers, a level of expertise to help middle-class consumers make sophisticated choices has not been forthcoming. In a perfect world's new service industry dedicated to improving the myriad financial

The brokers were looking to charge a minimum of \$5,000 for a plan.

professionals should exist:

But it seems that since you quote below the specialized and quite expensive "fee-only" plan cost, a financial planning office needs to be taken place, often accompanied by much training or objectivity. Two years ago I found out that someone with the words financial planner on her card had sold me major young friends come very expensive, heavily fees and loaded, consumption-oriented life insurance of a type not well-suited to my life-style extraneous. One of the friends didn't even have health insurance, and neither of them gave a hoot what happened if they checked out early. Though there are various cards, no procedures available, there's nothing to stop an insurance seller, stock seller, account manager, or house painter from walking up and offering and demanding, however, he is not to be a financial planner.

A recent SEC study indicated that eight of ten planners sold life and real estate limited partnerships that in some cases were out of investors' value. The same report noted that while 87 percent of planners surveyed self-financial products as well as advice, only 47 percent bothered to tell their prospective clients of the fact. I'd like to point out that

into earnings to raise office, but I think it's safe to say that people who sell securities or insurance or commissions are not doing so because they have a problem with making a lot of money for themselves. So it shouldn't be a big surprise that many too many people who bought out financial plans before tax reform was

**Nothing
can better protect
you than
knowing a thing or
two yourself.**

achieved are still holding a lot of illiquid, cash-burning investments that supposedly generate returns far above those on savings or tax-sheltered life bags.

While many of the so-called planners continue to study client company standards, most of them still only fit funds and structures of the loans they represent—which might not be the end of the world as long as the selection is appropriate. The big players also tend to pick companies that are “canned plans,” which often contain inappropriate adviser fees. More than a few expert review are in progress, though, which clearly contend that financial plans were nothing more than marketing vehicles.

Food for thought, though, given the number of regulations, the acronym-laden industry has responded by descending into a swirl of names confusing. One association of planners modified a dog’s “nuclear” association as a demonstration of its insurance standards. Some identify themselves as “certified” planners who’ve completed a course in Denver, while others are “chartered” and (most) connected to the insurance industry. The former Boston Commissions is often cited to begin hearings on financial planning rules, but it appears as if they just don’t want regulation will emanate from their ranks. Waggoner has a new law that calls for a specific level of

disclosure and warning before planners can practice, and consumer advocates of old point out that legislation is pending in California, Georgia, and North Carolina.

Predictable Futures?

During the last year, we commented frequently about financial products like stock index funds. Were we ever so much in need of predictable stocks and bonds? You should think hard about whether you want to spread a few percent of your net worth on a financial plan at all. Try to get referrals from people you trust. Interview several brokers, plan dealers, and stock analysts, of course. Ask to see samples of their work—not only plans, but ask to see an ongoing track record of an account you like in your judgment—not words, salary, age, and desired growth performance from investments.

With the cheap (\$150 to \$200) canned plans from the brokerage houses and other bank companies, the idea is to make you think about your financial life as an integrated, long-range construct. Beyond the analysis of competitive budgets is the probability of steadily rising uncertainty of post taxes at flight of your aspirations. The uninsured planners I talked to said that if the dreams of a couple they are working with don’t conform to their financial possibilities, they will up. They might turn out a maximum-wake-and-die here, the best about the one-to-five life plan, the number of months, weeks, or days that a new market can afford to stay away from full-time work—a powerful reason for those who’ve experienced the dilemma, and one that a lot of planning discipline can offset.

At either, a personal financial plan as is statistically challenging mix of economic reality and psychological analysis. A good planner can indeed help fill the void left by the discredited financial advisor of recent years. But nothing can better protect you from charlatans, allow you to benefit from experts, or a few you to actually offend some of the fringe you won’t, then leaving a change or two yourself. ■

FINANCIAL HOTLINE



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Smart Money

from chairman's speech for its officer steering committee, each of whom is fighting for a different definition of the word or perk. And look when my two sons successfully deposited.

Must have
Alloway date or ones
or die trying.
I find him eating
a brownie.



EDWARD HOPPER

They're Changing Your Life

BY PETER D. LAWRENCE

In 1987 sales of single premium life, often purchased as the best life insurance ("money market") increased to about \$10 billion, more than double the previous year's sales. But last year has been a double whammy for the new market. Last year, Congress, having for some time resisted the heavy promotion of the advantages of tax-free borrowing from cash policies, attempted to repeat those advantages, and impose a penalty on early distributions.

Consequently, my company of independent agents in education funds, of our buildings, had to work for reeducation. Insurance companies responded. There is no God, and if there is She's not a very nice person.

Consequently, it all took. Head quarter rats.

Many thanks, Lord, for your successful attempt to blare the lessons of the document in Title 40 on "investment equities failure." I wish I could promise it'll never happen again. Instead like that. The best I can say is that I'm prepared to do my part. I can do no more, and I mean it here.

Stan

As if you were withdrawing the money and not just loaning it back, in a reversal of the current trend, all withdrawls would be considered a taxable distribution of earnings first and only thereafter on a economy of premiums. A one percent penalty would also be applied to withdrawals before age 59½ and a half, placing life insurance on a par with withdrawal from annuities or IRAs.

By contrast, the National Association of Life Underwriters advanced, leaving the existing rules for distributions and investments. Instead it suggests changing the definition of life insurance to exclude policies such as single premium life. There is also a possibility that most underwriters of these approaches could change, with a change in their historical rules, but only for certain types of policies. One thing that's not likely to change is the tax-free liquidity of policy cash values as long as the money is not withdrawn.

Anyone planning to buy traditional whole life or any of its many derivatives knows how difficult it is to unpatriotize them. While no method of comparison is without drawbacks, there are two indices that provide some guidance. One is the interest-rate-adjusted Surrender Cost Index, which gives you an idea of what a policy will cost if you were to surrender it at some future date, say ten or twenty years from now. The other is the Ordinary Index, or Net Present Value Index. This gives an idea of a policy's cost if it's held until the death benefit is paid.

If you're shopping for term insurance, there are two concepts avoid out-of—SelcoQuota of San Francisco (800 341 1531) and Insurance Information Inc. (III) in Melville, New York (800 474 5160)—that can help narrow down choices. Both companies work over the phone for through the mail, making basic data such as age, sex, health, smoking status, and desired term coverages, in some way with that find best policies, often based on premiums and with important accompanying information like indemnity, renewability, and A.M. Best ratings.

SelcoQuota is available on a service broker. As such, it provides its recommendations without charge and makes money only if you end up buying a policy through it. It bases its choices on the net cost comparisons of levels after the best value (that is, admits to excluding certain large companies who sell only through their own agents).

III doesn't tell you insurance but charges 5% for its information, that amount to be refunded if you don't save at least 5% on your first year's premium based on that information. Scouring about one hundred companies, it gives net first premiums, but only only for the first five policy years (although if you request it, you could if you intend to hold a policy for longer, it can sometimes provide the insured for a longer period).

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Esquire

*The Triumphant
Marriage of Patriotic
Fervor and...*



Literary Heat

Fiction and Esquire have always had a famous affinity, from the magazine's first issues in the early 1920s to the issue you have in hand.

In those early days, our own Founding Fathers published the most-celebrated American writers of the time—Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Wolfe, Steinbeck—all the ones you recognize by their last names alone, as you do here with DeLillo and Miller and Oates. The tradition of literary fiction in Esquire has now endured for more than half a century. Hip!

It is in the recent years, however, with the inception of the annual summer reading issue, that we have begun to fulfill our own glorious Manifest Destiny: to bring the best fiction to the best readers in the history of American magazine publishing. Hip! Hip!

This year we've moved our fiction four up a month, from August to July, so you deserving, sun-soiree (though inseminately patriotic) vacationers all across this great land of ours can get started earlier and enjoy longer. So write your congressmen: let's make July our National Fiction Month.

This is the 1986 summer reading issue of Esquire. Our annual fiction extravaganza is going to be a venerable national institution, not unlike that other pyrotechnic yearly event, Independence Day, the Fourth of July itself. Hip! Hip! Hooray! —R. H.

Back from the Future

DeLillo's made a habit of surprising, most recently, by going over the top—overwrought, back-to-back depictions of Foster Clothing Store, where America makes us turn to rock-bottom. "I've been present at poker games. A dealer [can] see things before other people."

*Don DeLillo always delights
by never failing to surprise—this time
with a startling dramatization
of an event that may have preceded
the Kennedy assassination*

∞

DeLillo

Oswald

in the

Lone Star

State

Lee Oswald in Eliezer's Speakeasy at midnight, waiting for his clothes to dry and reading H. G. Wells. One other customer was in the place, an obese and terry-looking man who while flipping out upon after the floors to give his socialist love story room. The air had a sour reek. Lee was shamed over volumes over *The Charter of Man*, letting the skin on his thumbs, the book spread open in his lap.

He was lying again, she said on, from Mexico and Italy June.

The night attendant came around, a hulky Negro saying in a kind of singing, "Closing time, closing time, y'all go home." He carried somebody's sheets in a red mesh basket.

The other customer got up and went to a dryer to collect his things, leaving a lampshade folded over the book, glowing a lamplike now. The customer huddled in a red mesh basket.

The other customer got up and went to a dryer to collect his things, leaving a lampshade folded over the book, glowing a lamplike now. The customer huddled in a red mesh basket.

About those oysters passed.

The dryer with Lee's clothes stopped running. He sat with his head in the book. He knew the at-

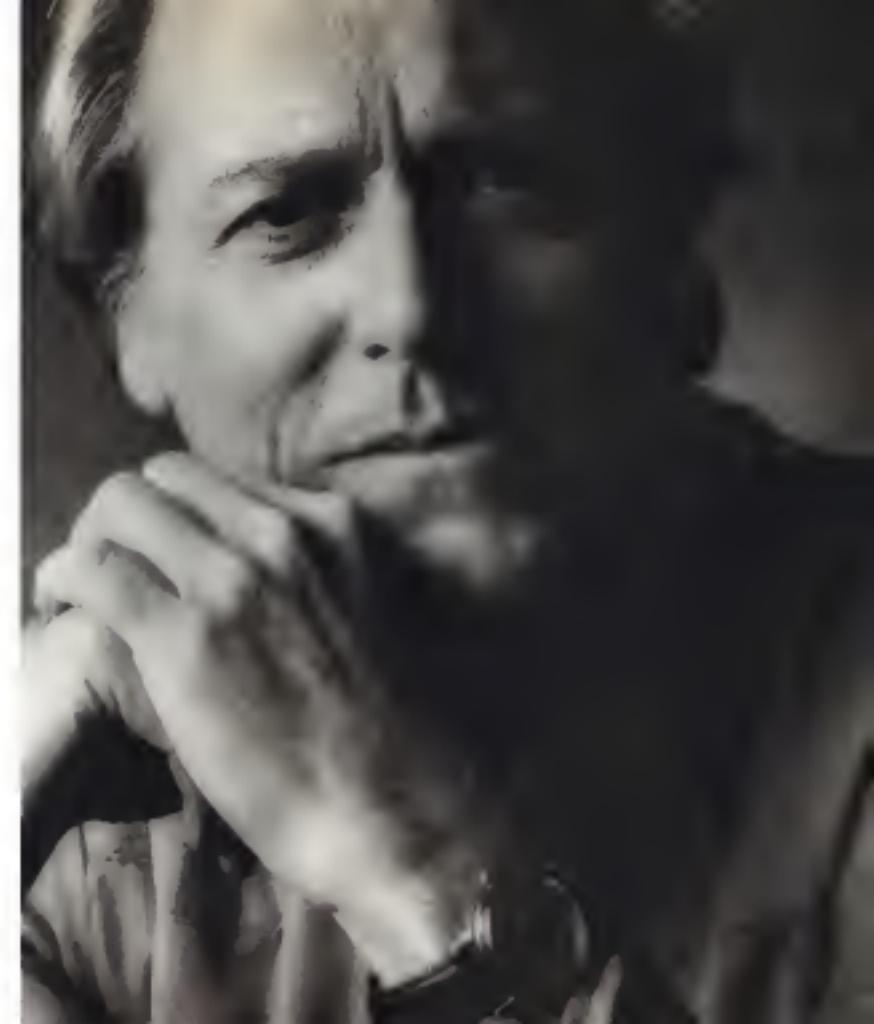
tendant was sharing him a very fixed look from fifteen feet away. He turned a page and read toward the end of the chapter, which was at the bottom of the racing page. He read slowly, concentrating hard to get the meaning, the small rare truth inside those syllables.

"Hey, Jim. You are wearing me thin,

okay?"

The Gravel and the Parsons. He looked up. The attendant had a droopy lower lip, a raw-some complexion with a spatter of freckles across the cheekbones, those drooping hands, and Lee thought Japan believed he was able to supply a name or set of circumstances, in an instant he knew. This was Bobby Dapard, his cultist in the brig in Atsugi in Japan, where they had been imprisoned in the Marine Corps.

It took him a while to get Dapard to remember who he was. Bobby stared hard, talking to Oswald's hair, reading on the left side, where the part was, taking in the haggard look, the three-day mohawk, the skin



with a propped up seat near the collar, taking in a lot scratchily, four years plus of meanness and mule and hard times. Once the Rabbit. Resistance ensued Dugard's face in a complicated way.

"What it is, I don't look real close at where no more. So it takes me a while to pin down the individual I'm basically talking to."

"They didn't talk about Japan. They talked about West Dallas, where Bobby lived with his mom and her three small kids in a group of hundreds of buildings strung in broken rows between the Trinity River and Saginaw Boulevard. They called it a housing park. Few had jobs outside the camp, with rooftop-mast plumbing set on the mud houses. Bobby worked at the sand wash house across from the laundry six days a week. Twice a week he took a course in mechanical drawing at Caesar Casella High School downtown. Sometimes he worked a moon or four shifts as a mixer in a bakery, a filer for the steel and the mixing. He wore home in clothes stained white. His mother was dead now. His father lived in another part of the project. Bobby wasn't sure where. From the 12th floor he saw his old man all the time, sitting at a frame of an auto service garage, making repairs from a seat. Big Cat said. Bobby knew his father would not recognize him if he walked over and said hello. His father would talk to him the same way he talked to everyone, explaining his computations with the long

That was West Dallas Smoke from the
last nuclear Stucco home.

Bobby had a trace of wavy hair now. His eyes had lost their quicksilver look. He looked at Lee from an angle, cool and fixed, with a slow nod of the head to

Lau explained that he was living underground. He'd left his last job without a work. He'd disappeared from his old address. He had a pen-office box. His branch didn't know what part of Dallas he was in. No member thought he was still in Fort Worth. His wife was living with friends of hers because of misunderstandings. He was working for a grinder who lived here. He said nothing about George de Mohenhardt, a man connected with the CIA who was

prosecuting him for details of his contacts with the security apparatus during the time he had lived in the USSR. He was avoiding George, who was becoming a friend of his. He was avoiding the postal authorities. He was hiding from the Feds, his name the FBI. He was using false addresses on every

He was making post
-a-day boxes on the job and sending them
to the Socialist Workers Party. He had a
camera stashed in a suitcase at the bot-
tom of his closet.

He didn't explain about Marissa and how much he missed her and needed her and how it made him angry, knowing that, trying to fight this off, another unfeeling bitterness he could not face off.

Forget Japan. Bobby talked about the mail, about the police dogs and fire engines, the integration of Ole Miss. It was a daily event put shown, the TV footage



.. And Now for the
Toxic Spill

The next day Lee prepared out a little bit early and before breakfast down stairs outside his back door and they took a bus to the Old Cliff reservoir, where the speed which was lowered and where Lee was living on in excess of swimming houses and round car billcks sitting in long weeds. They dawdled a bit of dawdling and talked some more after that night Lee walked six blocks or so the speed walks from his for an Elizabeth street and they talked until the closing time, while polices and men and Cabs while the madman named and the right struggles threw fistfuls of clothes onto the cleaning soap.

Next day they had another. Let's put a bullet in General Walker's head.

Marina stood nose-rocketing while John
guy'd cleaned the place for her return. He
was happy to see her. He took the baby and
spoke his fake Japanese, wagging his hand
it made them all laugh.

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Guy Obregon

From New Ulster 9, 1940

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
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He began to study his schedules. The Prairie Hollow Inn, the 36, stopped a block and a half from the general's house. He walked past the house, which was set back from the street and very secret-Turtle Creek, a hubless of canoes-pods and else, a dead quiet. Just walking down the street made him feel uncomfortable. He remembered the bumper-sticker number 11 on one of the head of the diversity and wrote it in his notebook. He kept a notebook of travel times, directions, and other observations.

She asked him if he would teach her English now.

The Assassin in His Mind

For years Lee Harvey Oswald had lurked at the back of DeLillo's mind, a yearning, a waif, Did he kill JFK? Did he act alone? DeLillo wanted to depict as both cast the shadow of conspiracy. "I'm not interested in pre-investigation," he said. "I just want to write about a book-store dealer and saved the notes Warren Beatty ate his house—secretary air volumes, and a cystoscopy."



"I will need an accomplice, Bobby. This is not just walk on and shoot him. This house is located in such a way. There's no way we can send a car."

"I can get a car. I can always borrow a car. I don't know about dependable running fast to go pick him up in the ground. That man got to wear some blood."

"They have a phrase they use in Russia for assassinations that involves blood being spilled. *Makarskis*. Who's in all?" Like the one pick they used on Trotsky. "Like us we do it no harm," Bobby said.

Lee and Marine moved to New Jersey, another furnished apartment, two rooms in a drab house with a sunroom and a balcony with swinging seats. They could put our floorboards and pressed it was blank. There was a small add room, the size of a walk-in closet, where Lee could work on his notebook and keep his correspondence and other writings.

"Opa soon. Midnight Ride. The dangers

of commitment here and abroad. It's going to be pure Cuba. He leaves to her or Cuba. If we leave to wait till April, he's made it irreversible. We get live on the seven rounds. The second anniversary of the Bay of Pigs."

"Who is the shooter?"
"Tom. Oswald said.
"You care about that?"
"I am the one that chose it."
"It's the assassin, I have to see if there's a choice."

"What do you mean?"
"It's a question do I want to eat class?"

We Inspect holding photographs of Whalen's house. He had to take cameras be carried in a paper bag, on the back and forth. He photographed the large fence behind the house, the alterations that extended from the parking lot of the Methodist church in Avondale Street. He took some pictures of the railroad tracks where he could hide the gun if necessary.

There is a world outside the world. He made detailed maps on the location of windows in the rear of the house. He studied maps of Dallas. He put the finishing touches on the file documents he'd made after hours at work. When the Dallas gun arrived at the post office, he'd have DeLillo identification to claim the package. He did the typing for the documents on his machine as usual.

He felt good about having Dugdale lined up. Downgrades. Dugdale was the force of history, the show of a solid front against the Far Right surge.

He used Hulaford's, March 12, sending a money order for \$1,43 to Klein's Supply Goods in Chicago for a 4.5 milimeter Italian military rifle, the M1938 Carcano, equipped with a four-power scope.

The gun fell in empty streets. What a sense of desecration he had, looked in the minister's room, creating a design, a network of connections. It was a second encounter, the private world flowing out in those dimensions.

He went to a gas shop and bought an ammunition clip that would fit the Mauserch, so he could fire up to seven rounds before reloading.

Banister streets. He walked to the speed wash and talked excitedly with Dugdale about the legs at a long-range shot, given the layout of the house and the grounds. Then he let himself back into the study and no-no correlations that he'd been gone.

They moved their belongings in Jane's

attic. They made six or seven trips—dishes, baby things, letters from Russia. Lee made the last trip alone, pushing the smaller items on wheels, moving most of the clothes he owned to save another trip.

The little room could be measured from the living room and from the staircase across them. The back doors could be locked from inside. It was like an overnight emergency, portal the building but also separate from it. He called the room his study. He suspended a long table and chair in there and spent work on his notes for the details of the general.

He stood barefoot in the living room in his pajamas, working the bolt. He jerked the handle, brought the bolt forward, then drove it forward, jerking the handle down. He turned toward the mirror over the sofa. He jerked the bolt handle, drew the bolt back, then drove it forward, jerking the handle down.

Marina was out at the store. Jane sat in the high chair near the window, rolling a marble back and forth across the tray.

Television Man

1968. I know the machine power of television can be overwhelming, especially the TV series in our national cultural life separating us from the day-to-day and connecting us to new winners, the very windswept steps into John Lennon's. In his play, *This Day Again*, the part of the TV is played by an entire television set.

There was a pool behind the house, a small end enclosure with a couple of forget-me-nots. A clothesline was strung off the back fence and Marina would throw laundry. The ground floor windows were like sheetiron and a heavy chipping of them on her face and clothes, whitening her eyebrows and the backs of his hands.

Lee walked toward the car, his left arm still beneath the clothes, his rifle held parallel to his body with the butt wedged in his crotch. He wore a black pajama shirt, short-sleeved, and a pair of dark shorts. The rifle was slung on his leg.

Marina watched him set the rifle against the starway and climb back up. He returned seconds later with his new camera, an Imperial Reflex he'd bought cheap in Japan.

"Why do you want to die this?" she said. "If we are soon by a neighbor?"
"It's for Jane, to remember me by."
"Does she want her father in a picture with guns? I don't know how to take a picture."

"You build the camera at your waist."

"I've never taken a picture in my life."
"We make what we want to keep a print for my little girl."

"Dressed all black, I think. Lee. Who are you hunting with this gun?" The gun of evil? I want to laugh. It's stupid. It impresses no one. It's pure and simple show."

"He pointed a finger at the gun, the rifle in his right hand, mouth open, barrel pointing on his wrist, gun inches from the hairline. "The newspaper, the *Miner* and *The Worker*, were in his left hand, lined like playing cards."

She stopped the dance.

He poised one more time, the rifle in his left hand now, the newspapers held under his chin with the words *The Miner* visible above the field, his shadow casting on the window pane and his thin smile carried far away by light and tone into the frame of official memory.

Locked in a corner of the Gulf station in North Bradley, eight-story skyscraper, the rock of gasoline burning low in the night. It was 35 degrees. It was record-breaking heat for this date. He had a midway shiver. He dragged one his left shoulder and held a half-lighted Cigarette in his right hand, drawls from the machine nearby, just as a reason to be here.

He kept his eye on a van that was passing slowly into the station and coming to a stop near the service area. It looked like a 1950 model, sheetmetal. He watched Dugdale get out and stand by the open door, peering. Bobby went light blue Kawasaki and a white racing cap, with the words AMERICAN AVIATOR embroidered across his shirtfront and a heavy chipping of them on his face and clothes, whitening his eyebrows and the backs of his hands.

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"I had a chance to make some money, when I found no accept it is not doing any laundry though."

"Are you keeping you from the laundry?" Is that what it is all about?"
"The just staying. The chance came up. I squandered in love extra hours."
"You can be identified. This is not a night you want to stand around."
"Nobody sees this. We go in quick and fly free to a church parking lot. We go

dark. Where's the handout?"
"We make what we want to keep a print for my little girl."

"Lee took the gun out of his belt and pointed it on the seat between them.

"Did you get the bullet?" he said.
"Totally," Dugdale said. "I got fifteen bullets. I bought right off the river from some school kid. They're like two different make bullets but they're all spurs, so I don't know see no problem."

"I don't former using them. It's just in case."

At the first red light Bobby swung out the cylinder of the gun and took six cartridges from the breast pocket of his uniform. He inserted them in the chamber.
"I'll tell you a good story," Lee said. "I made the bandage in January. I order the rifle in March. Both guns arrive the same day. My wife will say it's late."

"What did you tell her about tonight?"

"She thinks I'm at typing class. I stopped out of typing classes weeks ago. I just find my job. Last Saturday was my last day."

"I'd rather getting fired, man."

"They said my work wasn't exact. It had to happen. Just like tonight had to happen. They'll know about this in Hawaii. Before midnight the news will reach Fidd."

They crossed the Trinity River on the Commerce Street bridge.

"What I see, that rifle looks like war surplus. How do you know it's about?"

"I stepped in my closet and took it on the floor. I laid it down. They lay down to the river bottom out west of the freeway where there's an area that people use to test-drive their cars. It's like a wet asphalt highway."

"That strong, that snap, like it comes off a star?"

"It's all right. Everything works. Anything fine. I just thought about with over. I had to go to the gas station down before I found some for the type carburetor."

"It's bearing on my hand that the gun had to do it."

"He hit the first shot," Lee and Bobby.

"I need to stop feeling bad all the time."

"It's a class shot to every window."

"I want low on the ground."

"Less than forty yards," Lee said.
"But Mississippi, for John Belushi, for the KKK, for every fucking thing."

Bobby looked a little smug-eyed. They were quiet for a while. The rain was washing through the windows. They hopped up Sturbridge to Oak Lane Avenue.

Lorraine. "We can catch Annadale and an alley that has about two hundred and fifty feet to a church parking lot. We go

slow I go out near the end of the alley. You keep going and cross eight streets for church services. They'll be a service or processions. You can't take a functioning Massman. You stop along the way. Car lights. I pass the traffic through the familiar floor at the back of White's house. I have a clear line of fire. You intend what? Two specimens? You know he has a wife, a frightened house. He can't be safe.

He had a short-wave radio, subscription to Time. He imagined the back-and-photograph in Time. The Crosses paraded with his game and substance journals. He imagined the cover of Time, a picture seen across the molecular world. The man who may be the fastest growing. A friend of the revolution.

"They'll appear in *Newsweek* that we did it! Again! again!" Leo said. "Two years to the day. The revision was the thing that produced a General White, more than any other event."

They had come from Arundale. He realized Bobby was strong, righteous when with fear.

"Seventeen. What seventeen?" Leo said.
"It's Wednesday, isn't it?"
"This hour is April 2."

Ted Walker was at the desk in his office, a big three-year-old brother who looks like anybody's next-door neighbor, middle, with pouting brows, flush going a little slack in the ear and neck, body slightly stooped, the nephews when even with children, doing his taxes now.

It is the bigger joker American. General Walker does his taxes.

He was used to talking about himself in the third person. He related to the press about the Walker case, the attempts to silence White. It usually involved some sense of a public sell, when you consider the clear and polarizing intention he reserved in the local press, when he roared and roared last October with the Cuban missile crisis. It was President Jack who said about the Morning News, "I've never seen the people of Dallas as glad when alienation rolls around."

The aging ladies love their Ted. They are the last true believers. He remembers the poem of their visiting kids:

A courageous banded mother abhors. He sat with his back to the window, reading big news on a scratchy pad, raising, closing his eyes, big fat pen and slope of the *Real Cross of Apparatus*. Letters from the true believers were stacked in a basket on his right. The Clemens Crosside women, the

John Birch men, the semi-nudists, the worshippers, the homophiles, the ones who keep coming up empty. They had accurate knowledge of the Control Apparatus. It wasn't just our policies at the time. It wasn't just the duals of the selfless specialists and self-leavers, the weak wives, nor no-wis policy-makers. The Apparatus governed not only our armed forces but our industrial bases, financing every major American industry, influencing our friends and enemies with broadcasts, with the creeping fever of debt unassimilated and the life-wings passed the instant fire, every student outcome that supports the nation's will to renew the empire of man.

The Red Crosses are marching now before the California binder. These are confirmed reports.

This is the man, ladies and gentlemen, who clashed the base of the Confederate monument in Oxford, Mississippi, to rally thousands against the integrations of the university. This man who led a so-called inurrection, shooting in prison gay leaders. Oh, it was something. Four hundred kids at martial, four hundred men and local police, balaclavas, flags, fire organs, three thousand national guardsmen, tank gas blowing through the streets, burning cars, rocks flying everywhere, one dead, another dead, and two more fire, two more dead, countless injuries, a couple of hundred arrested, military tanks full of regular army, seven thousand combat troops massed against a few thousand students and country boys and parents of the South, and here is the object and source and cause of the whole thing, no longer angry with himself in his car to keep the tank gas from leaking into his city.

Bring your flag, your note, and your soldiers.

That's the main thing. Ted actually said. Like a Tex Scott says, a couple of days in the wholesale confusion.

He has life was another looker, this one filled with news stories clipped by an old safe. The Tel File for election in the Democratic cause for governors, attorney in which the Control Apparatus will see to it that he finishes out of his candidacy, which will end last in any reckoning. Here he is with dear mother Charlotte, outside a hearing room at Oxford with the leaves rattling down from the trees gauze and maple. This is when they tried out goofy putting him in a metal chair with a bunch of gas-tight valves. The Apparatus is just granulating again, right out of the Communist hand book, trying to put a decorated var in the bullet hole. This is what the general is up

to, men who know me wouldn't say secret signs, who work in the shadows to control us lives.

But he didn't say those things. He remained and gawked in the crowded room, then punched a reporter in the face.

I sometimes am confused. We are dealing with triggers of speech, triggers of the human body. There are forces we can't comprehend.

He put out one cigarette, another. He got used to this now, was a buzzing efface of Operation Whistle-Blow. The series of one night stands in Louisville, Madisonville, Amarillo, his journey to assume the heartland, sugar plums to listen, St. Louis, Indianapolis, et cetera, and he will still be roving. Buttacks cause to picket, the most god-forsaken branch of Control likely likes anybody ever now.

It is time to go down and liquidate the sonage that has descended on the island of Cuba. He fired bats and gun to bats, plus a wave

of gunshots, babies and pedophiles, follow-up calls, loyal Brothers, members of the White Caucus Council, Boy Scouts, Christians, mother dear.

In the Old Senate Caucus Room there asked him to state the members of the Real Control Apparatus. This is like naming particles at the site, naming molecules or cells. The Apparatus is precisely what we can't name. We can't measure it, gain dominion, or rule its principles. It is a mystery we can't get hold of, the plot we can't answer. This doesn't mean there are no answers. They are called officials of our government, column writers, philosophers

Shootings

Let's make them available. They would have given us what they were carrying, the fraternal oaths with their Justice-Moral Committee. Ted is known by a couple of names, the ones that don't repeat. Clinton's half-brother. There's something peculiar about men sitting in a room looking extremely uncomfortable, of course. He seems and moves in mystery much easier.

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It is time to go down and liquidate the sonage that has descended on the island of Cuba.

He fired bats and gun to bats, plus a wave

burns out. Those deadly long rooms where he has never seen truly silent and have of combat. Instantaneous, unforgiven and laid, ready to give in as lonely despair, need of shuffling and dredging what I know and feel. Think of those numbered steps in legal terms, sign criteria, who shout dry words into thoughts. They are soft beneath the drifting Calico hair. Breath. This is where the switch takes place, where he is a stranger who mind-wanders into the music of the other side, only following what he's always felt.

Some people think it requires a number what.

He had a bitter time when he was caught in the Texas prison. The controls were reeling. They were shooting and sniping crowds, hospital people, not the we-woos men of Whistle-Blow. He struggled out numbers, added up six dollars, but what he thought about was flag waving in hills across the whole damn state, the draped banners, the clear American voices calling out a song.

Put on your Fox Blue blanket
With the Lone Star upon it
And we'll put Ted Walker on the
stage

Was that a firecracker? He turned to the window, a shadow in the same instant, but slowly, going to the mirror across the hallway, looking for his own thoughts. Radical training servers around? Did we see our own here? The screen was wet, he saw, and the window was dirty. All the windows were that because the goddamn weatherman was in. He moved out of the light and went to the door, a pair of glasses in his eye. There was a hole in the wall where the arm of a tall doctor.

He was used to getting around. He looked at the window, reflected the glass, had to find a mirror in a room the size of a child's bedroom.

He moved far out of the light. His ergonomic lighting is the interior. He was gesturing and got his revolver. He came down quickly. He went over the back door and a radio in the doorway with the gun, stood looking dead dull, holding the gun like a wad of air. Then he bent back inside and called the police. "That's when he noticed lots of glass and wood was broken in right foreground, just below the rolled-up shirts, and there were gray fragments around, a bright as sand, a residue he believed were shrapnel of the copper jacket of a high-explosive bullet."

He was not half surprised. They have been plotting for a long time, every city in the Cross of Apparatus, planning and scheming carefully to keep Walker quiet. This is what shooting people does.

He took the bus to a place called the Field of Love, where he practiced shooting his rifle. They argued about this. He火力 and the others something at him and he hit her again with a closed hand, making her

He got a pair of tweezers, set a burning chain and began picking metal out of his arm until he waited for the police to arrive.

Marina was worried about Leo. In the morning he told her he'd lost his job. He blamed it on the FBI. He said they probably came around the shop and asked questions about him. Now he was late coming home. Coming home from what? He said he had typing class but the class ended at a quarter past seven, three hours ago, and besides it was a Wednesday and down was his class on Wednesday.

He wanted her to go back to the USSR. He could not support a wife and child in America. He made his wife write to the Soviet embassy in Washington. Would they pay for the return of a Russian citizen and her baby girl?

She was pregnant again, which is the most deadly statement in existence.

At first she had a holiday where June could stand around in the brush at. When they separated, after Leo, Warsaw, she started with half a dozen different families, some eight with this one, three over to that one. It was bearing no less boys, all that moving around. One night Leo stayed with her in one of the Russian houses. There was a full refrigerator and a chess set open. Then telephones. They made love with the TV on.

He told the family on Eichberg Street she was a Czech.

He sat once in front of people because the paper on the side of his shirt was partly torn. In front of people.

Hollis was extremely close. It was his dream house, with oak beams and spotless white children.

There was Bulgaria across Oak Cliff. She was in one of the houses and called the police. She went to sleep soon and stories came into my mind. She thought that, repeated that mentally, walking in the narrow alleys.

Maybe they would go to Rio de Janeiro, although they didn't want to do that. Maybe they would move to New Orleans. He was talking about New Orleans, his hometown, a pain city like Anchorage, where the grew up.

He did most of the housework and gave his breakfast at half on Sunday. She was showered when he came in sleeping late people gave her things and he readied them.

He took the bus to a place called the Field of Love, where he practiced shooting his rifle. They argued about this. He火力 and the others something at him and he hit her again with a closed hand, making her



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Mind from the soul.

We buy pictures on Tuesday.

It was one more concession on his part, this last job of the year. But the pictures of a life can't be seen in fitting rooms or weeks. Maybe it was that desire to live in a port city, to feel the sea breeze and glimpse the tattered promise ahead.

He'd never been so free. Something could burn in his heart. She found a novel of Rossini on the small table he used as a desk. There were eleven poems listed by number, with certain words underlined.

She said quickly, in a blurt:

He said yes, not to worry about the rent. He'd paid the rent on the second. He'd paid the water and gas. He said her to send newspaper clippings of what was anything about him on the papers, to the Soviet embassy. He said the embassy would come informed now they knew everything. He said the Red Cross would help him. He said his money was due from work. Get on the bank and cash the check. He asked her to hold on to his personal papers. But these are his choices or you change me.

Number eleven was, if I am alive and taken prisoner, the city will be located at the end of the bridge we always cross when we go downtown.

She stood for a moment in the small room. Then she moved slowly into the kitchen, where she folded the menu and laid it on a Russian volume called *The Book of Useful Advice*.

Lee was back at the Gulf station drinking another Coke, his shirt sticking to him. He edged closer to the office, where a radio was playing. He figured it wouldn't catch long before a report came in. Every now a song ended and someone on the radio started to speak; he moved a little closer to the office door, listening for urgent words, for alien, dead, dying, that exhaustion riding high on the chest when there is news of the present violence. Both weapons were in the car, with the gun thicker, about three miles away by now, somewhere in the West Dallas ghetto. He'd get them in a day or two, as when it was safe.

He took a deep swallow, drew in the brittle dangle between his index and middle fingers. Things were done. Two men in green were taken across the two. The poem was brightly lit, with cracked veins of mustard oil, a key wall calendar. Lee moved closer. He tried to look like an officer on some nearly edge of town.

Like. The cars stopped, crumpling. There was nothing on the radio but rock 'n' roll

He finished the Coke, put the bottle on the case of empanas, and walked home at the head splitting best.

George de Manteschmidt Kissed Me on the cat table, chewing station bacon. He was trying to get some last news on the Walker affair. The average fascinated him, the daily it was the reverse of mass. The big fat changed counter when it tickled the window frame. The police weren't saying much else. It was frustrating. He was hungry for developments. He didn't want the episode to slip into oblivion.

He drove the Galaxie convertible into Oak Cliff. News as he went the last was a big break for Baby Jane.

He hadn't seen Lee for some time. Lee undoubtedly left and had bodily handled and dissociated. All the sad words in the paper's disarray. But it was his own fault. All he had to do was talk about Rossini or there, man to man. George half-admitted his resistance. There was a party of sorts. But it was being run.

There was a new administration in the world. George was going to Hanoi and he knew Lee would feel that the site man who took an interest in him was screwing out the door. George wanted to open up the country of Hanoi. He knew the mistakes one makes there, which meant many things were possible. Oil sweeping, reserves, holding companies. There was also a weapons program in the world, deep, deep in the dark. Front companies were rising out of desk drawers. These were numbered bank accounts, untraceable shop charters. A lot less in the Pentagon wanted George to provide cover for an anti-Castro operation centered in Hanoi.

He found Nelly Stover. He thought about people spending their lives in a place like this. Lee sat in his hole reading oblique economics, maybe punto chancy of the Left. It was sad, interesting, boring, simple. It was also interesting. It hadn't occurred to George that night when Lee and Marisa lived would make him angry. There was something serious and censorious about that kind of apathy. Everything was violent, marketable, closing. Everything closed. It was repellent, not repulsive, like a skin at Bon-na-Prince, and George realized he could never again be seduced by Lee, by the boy with the odd past and the out-of-place manner.

Marisa and Lee came to the door. George said to Lee in his biggest voice, "Se my friend. How come you meant that son of a b****?"

HUNTER S. THOMAS/BIN HARARY

He waited for the next laugh. But they remained in the living room. There was a silence hanging in the air. Obviously the joke was set to hang in that household.

He walked over the former boudoir and told them he was going to Hanoi, long term business, let's keep in touch.

He wanted Lee's face change. He felt bad about that. He was leaving the boy without someone to go to with his ideas and his troubles. Marisa, used to the kids in no order, and George added in her general directions about his reason of Hanoi. Hotels, cancer, hydroelectric plants, food processing plants. Lee sat on the sofa. Marisa's voice came up, the little words that made George think of a companion in a silent film with the screen going dark around her head.

"So someone finally comes. It's a very delayed response. I walk on the deck with a pole, an old sailor's round. I think I'm in the valley of lost souls. Now I am a smile peeling out. What is so amazing? Please believe me."

"I see you a picture," Lee said.

"What picture?"

"It's the kind of picture a person looks at

and maybe he understands something he didn't understand before."

"Sounds mysterious," George said.

"Maybe he sees the truth about someone."

Driving home, George thought about his hasty schedule of appointments he had in New York and Washington, preparing the way for various aspects of the Hanoi venture. He had the Bureau of Mines, Louisiana Trading, Chinese Mansions, Mitsubishi on Hirosewa Trust, the Pentagon, the CIA, the CIA.

He sat at his desk opening and reading those days of mail. He came to the envelope addressed by Lee Oswald. Just a simple envelope. It showed Lee dressed in black, holding a rifle in one hand, some newspapers in the other. An impression or, indeed, thought George. He looked at the reverse side. It was inscribed to *My friend George from Lee Oswald*.

George checked the postmark on the envelope April 9. One day before the attempt on General Walker.

He looked at the second inscription. The was in Russian, clearly in Marisa's handwriting and crudely written without Lee's knowledge, retracted in before he added and mailed the envelope—a picture message from the wife of the person to the sophisticated older friend.

B



Blindsided

A veteran New York journalist was convened that first Monday, the kind Indian summer, was not really blind at all. Having spied Miles sitting stiffly on the couch at a party at Mike Nichols's, he sauntered himself in front of the room, who was standing the corners from a bowl of mixed nuts. The journalist wiped his hands back and forth at the mat, several

minutes later. The guests—Renata Adler and Penelope Gilford among them—were apathetic. For the Indians stared straight ahead, impervious. The journalist thought. He had had his doubts, he was convinced, but was now convinced that Miles was indeed blind. "That may be so," replied one guest, "but that man on the couch is V. S. Naipaul."

Back in Towns

In the fifteen, Friedman directed a parable at the University of Missouri. His students find a problem in his paper. Decided to write his own. "It's like we were using the Internet in those days," he says. "I wanted us all to feel changed."

Bruce Jay Friedman, one of the most imaginative and mournful of our literary humorists, returns with wry regard to his legendary hero, the beleaguered Harry Towns



Friedman

Pitched Out

About halfway along in the meeting, Harry Towns could tell it was not going to work out. The outward evasions were gone, afternoons. They even dined at an encouraging double-bass hotel and there. The women with the most money leaned forward with the right right on the edge of exhaustion. But the economist who was known as The Inquisitor didn't ask any questions. He kept his eyes lowered and scribbled notes. In the endnotes, the agent had he felt it had "gone well." Yes, the evasions had the power to okay the show then and there, but sometimes they didn't. Sometimes they wanted to look it around "financially." As at exactly one, Harry Towns was right. He had been pushing a show in which the main character was a dog. He used that as an example of how low he had sunk. "A dog show," he had told a friend, "it's easier to that." But he had gotten to like that dog show. He imagined himself along five feet' worth of a and never giving over to the reader. As it turned out, the network had a similar show in development. One with a famous dog. That meant he had made the top for nothing. Two and a half hours to the segment, a

couple more sitting on the ground, then free in the air. Not to speak of getting up for the meeting. He hadn't gone to one for a while, so naturally he was rusty. He had to remember to be focused but also a little casual so as not to give the impression that it was life or death for him.

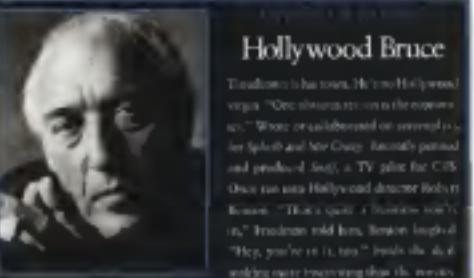
He had taken no months off to write his famous Spanish Accordion play. Torners around his house. The way accountants are always going to write a novel someday, he was always going to write a play. He had gone a few months ahead and finally decided to call it a week. The trouble was that the French and the Spanish never really wrote at each other. They stopped out of each other's range until a man took up the Spanish flax. So a winter's obviously divine. He thought he would jump in and see if he could drum up a little conflict along the way—but he hadn't succeeded. Meanwhile, his accountant had called and told him he'd better hurry up and get a giggle. If he wanted to keep his house. The accountant had been a little depressed. There was a possibility that the fucking accountant might sleep here. How would that look?



Friedman

just such an individual? So Towns said what the hell, he'll have a drink with him. It was nice to be invited.

The agent certainly looked like a good agent. He had wavy hair and a glass mustache. Harry Towns thought he recognized the look from a TV show, one that was slanted demographically toward ladies in their thirties. He'd never looked good on television, but it always seemed good on her. Towns had a double Gibbs and Higgins to think a might before he gave a hand. He had been living in the country for a while, away from the city, and he was aware that his remarks were little screened. But they got up well the conversation, and by the time Towns arrived, the women were curious about him.



Hollywood Bruce

Townsend is his town. He's no Hollywood virgin. "One observation on the expresso," he says orackled over a steaming cup of espresso and sugar. "You should always have a little chatty waiting for how back east. And that was that. Towns said he would think about it when he got back home, but he had already thought about it. No chatty stuff.

Towns was this way. He had enjoyed our business manager when the fellow said Towns would be given a "peddy little allowance." Actually, Towns had been prepared to allow him our "policy," but as the second one, it was circ closed. He knew what the business manager meant. "Walking around money. You don't call it 'peddy'."

Towns had been passed as the boy of the Palm and just a few days later didn't think he might be a little old. Towns told him not to worry about it, no take his time. They were up with each other now. Usually, Towns used to feel bad on the phone with a Yiddish accent in a Spanish one, but he had dropped that. The accents were getting too easy to pick off.

After walking at the bar for half an hour, Harry Towns was ready to had cold Towns to take his time. He was ready to sit tables and chairs. Whether they were too easy with each other. He looked at the caricatures of celebrities on the wall. When the Palm had first opened, the owner had asked him his hot opinion and he never again seemed to consider him out. Now he was sure he had his salary taken care of. At times like this, he would be able to look at a caricature of himself on the wall. And the owners had never asked him to sing.

Even when they found out he wasn't a brain surgeon, Towns fell all over them, giving them every one of his numbers. It was as if he had just gotten out of prison and hadn't seen a woman in years. Harry Towns saw that it was useless to try to get him away, so he went up ahead to their table and put around with a shoving cocktail, thinking maybe he had missed his professor.

By the time Towns joined him, the crowd had begun to thin out and they had to wait no ger second. Towns ordered real garnishes, an unusual meal in a steak house, but that's what he was in the mood for. He noticed that Towns dressed differently now. For years, he had gone back with Harry Towns, thought of as a bunch out last, the old kind of handiness, with his shirt cut low to the waist and heavy chains and what a show with him in them and jewels. He'd worn a lot of orange. And he had come up with an odd color for his hair, one that hadn't quite worked out. But someone had gotten hold of him and told him to

lighten up. He wore a soft lones out and had let his hair grow a little gray and comfortable-looking. He sounded less prickly now.

Since they didn't see each other so often,

Friedman

he wasn't able to get a good clean break on nor another. It was Towns who was up against Towns with this as an who looked out and lived in California. Towns with his father who moved after thirty years and then came to tell his mother if the doctor took him back. Towns's son. The great grandfather with the great body. Should be in for a spot because after first a skin magazine? It was the first time Towns had ever heard anyone say

and try to do was a helpful comment, at least to some point, to be some place.

This was difficult since Towns was not

going around like a loose cannon and Towns was seeing things from the stiff viewpoint

in which he lived with Julie and Margaret. But the word had been spreading, and Julie had started to knock them back, and he was so sure he couldn't even bring his daughter, for she was one thousand, it was Towns's turn to go.

He told Towns about the top and how he had come up rings. And how the dice had been casting cold for him. About the age in Hollywood. And how he couldn't seem to get anything going. He had the cash in, and he was doing in nothing but, they didn't just pass him up there because you were Jewish. But he didn't seem to meet

one. He was presented as someone who couldn't bring a script over the top. And to as stated it was true. But what was wrong with giving them in sight of the goal line? He had been doing that for years and hadn't had a complaint, but it was in the process.

They wanted follows who could start them all the way. He could do that, too, but they weren't going him a chance. Or who knows, maybe it was the drop top. He didn't use much these days, but he had used a lot back then, used in the night he had packed in the producer and his wife and went them around the door. The producer had a roughed butt pour on his face as he and his wife were whisked off the ground and who could have him for being a little passed off? He was known as an intestinal little pack, and who knows, maybe the father had some dignity. Who could blame him for passing a around that Harry Towns was a dog?

When Towns's real peripety came out, it didn't appear to have any seal in it. Or maybe the seal had dissolved in the water. It had been kind of top. While Towns was deciding whether to seal it back or not, stop up the peripety with bread, Towns took a quick nap. He was wondering if he should part company with a business associate. He had given the fellow hundreds of thousands of dollars on ventures that kept going down the drain. He didn't mind that part. "I'm walking so much money anyway," he said. But the fellow kept putting him down. This in had his eye on a girl, someone who had come down a Family Tie. The fellow had sold him her, what would a girl in her room see in an insurance like Towns? Towns picked that one off easily. He told Towns that by definition he shouldn't have anyone in his life who just has down. And then he jumped in

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quickly and got started on the house, how much it cost to live with the peach trees and how he would fail if he had to sell it and never have job or money up to Venetian somewhere. He admitted he would be embarrassed about it. He and Triveni had known each other since college. The clock was running. They could only talk with each other.

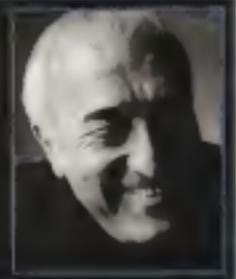
"Why didn't you come in last?" Triveni asked. "There's anyone supposed to know you're not available if you don't talk?"

"I wouldn't think good of that," said Towns.

But why wouldn't? For one thing, he

downs, pick up the check. He had a few dollars left over in the register. He tried to say that "I have some money on the counter." In truth, it wasn't much, fifteen, twenty. But he was the one who had passed it out. How would it look if he started claiming? How would it look if he had to move in Venetian?

As a child, another one of them had made money, but it was Harry Towns who had bought milk thicker than his skinny friend Lister. He was the connoisseur with his nose on a couple of hot pretzels. Towns boasted about having gone to school with him. How would it look if he took money



The Armada

His doctor's reading is all over the map. A tumor obscured his bookshelves and wheel. Who has it here? Powers bottom, nervous. Towns: "Triveni, shag about the Spanish Islands. I'd just read about it, and I was so excited, I fell with this thing. You are Neal Saxon at a party and went telling him he had. What project is that? I was sort of offended. But who knows?"

didn't know if the after was meant to be a latrine or a gift. He couldn't take a gift, could he? And if it was a latrine, what if he didn't pay it back in time? Towns's father had been in the muckers, connected with one of the smaller casinos in Vegas. They had found him eventually under a piano in the lounge and Towns had to go out in already the body. So the father was dead. But he probably had associates. You could say that this was Triveni, not his father, but he seemed behind his friend in the disclosed ear whispering about infinite soft. Also, he had seen those types moving quickly toward Towns's house in the Jolly. Invisible men wearing Arrow shirts and ties to the neck can't official hard wear, but worse in a way.

Better than that isn't. For all he knew it was a straightforward offer, loan the house and with no strings. What would he have to do? It was more a question of Towns not wanting to turn over the wheel. He had to be the one to bring the ball

from Triveni, who was shrewder than he was? Always, it was how would it look.

So he for the other side. He had been in trouble before. Something always came up. Back the eye thing. Could anyone recall his original conception? When he was on top. Let them enjoy their reach. One of these days he was going to grab one of them and say: "Compassionate eye-pain peak?"

He let Triveni pick up the check. It was the least he could do. And they went out on the street. Triveni was in wonderful condition if you liked that kind of shape. Real tight and drawn. He let Triveni every day of his life. He'd gotten up to his bones a day over and he realized he was having a serious breakdown. But for a moment, in the winter light, bone over, with his shoulders bunched up tight, he had the shell of a little old man.

Harry Towns was taking, but Triveni was too. Just to keep going. He was almost cranky about it. He didn't get much of a chance to use his pull and he wanted to talk

the economy. Harry Towns had a sign over his desk that said "WATER ON FIRE" that he had learned to ignore. He just couldn't suck it up anymore. But he did, one more time, and agreed to go down the river in the Mexican place that was still open and have a beer. Towns had an open Coorsie waiting. He paid the covercharge a few dollars to keep sandwiches in and drove the girls across, pouring out of the Troubadour. "They had their hair chopped off and dressed in different ways as mechanics, and their clothes were black and revised and expensively forever, but it was their right to the song that had mapped them off years back when he had first come out to Hollywood and there he was, and he'd only just driven a long boat" went on his voice at the Wildling. At least, they were mismatched with pale and carrying middle-class, but they were the same and they had the kind of endurable beauty that you simply couldn't be caused to hate no matter how you went and what come you came from. One hundred around and spank hardly couldn't open a single one who'd be incapable of skipping past that fence he'd built around himself when he first saw Julie—so as not to mess things up. All it would take was the understatement.

"Oh, Jesus Christ," said Harry Towns. "Will you just look at them."

"Yeah," said Towns, with a pup singer's headbreak in his voice. "It's too painful."

"For Christ's sake," said Harry Towns.

"Show them the Comeback. You can get just on that."

Towns had his first laugh of the evening and Harry Towns put an arm around his friend's shoulders. Triveni put an arm around Harry Towns's waist. A moment later and fuck the consciousness. They just stood there, marveling at the girls, and Towns wished he could what he would say to them.

"Where do I send it?" asked Triveni.

"Hey, that's right," said Towns. "You don't even have my address."

They stayed fixed on the girls, watching them dance in place as they waited for their cars, some of them using the Troubadour's Irving piano in a bullet box. Harry Towns knew that there was still some adventure to ahead.

"Oh, yeah," he could hear a friend in the theater say. "Blindness, impotence. I can hardly wait." But that was his friend in the theater. It wasn't Harry Towns. Take the next morning, for example. Harry got up, had a full-ass breakfast, checked the results, then fly back to his family and get set to see what it was like on the receiving end. ■



Professor of High Caliber

There he stood, in front of his class at the University of Alabama, leaning on his crutches: Barry Marshall, gator neophyte and parades jazz musician, a man possessed by more than the English language. He was playing his own brand of jazz, the kind only a rock-and-roll mother could love. Playing so wize his know,

Horace exclaimed, "Wow, this is some good stuff!" and began to squawk again. The class grew restless. Several made a break for the door. Horace pulled a gun out and announced when back to them all: "Now this," he said, waving the gun, "is some bad ass. You guys had better listen to me different."

Woman We Love

JILL GOODACRE

Photograph by Philip Morris

"I don't give a shit if you're taken off the President! Let me write about it," advised Speed. "I'll pay double—double just do it!" —Jill Goodacre, Rock Star

Purchase you have received, people reader, that this sort of prose-crash has gone somewhat unappreciated in these pages. Tired and hoisted in August in St. Louis—we're not talking summer reading, we're talking referendum—the literary genre typified by such as *Collage* and *Sail* and *Karma* garments, nevertheless, a vote and

loyal audience. So in the spirit of promoting reading at any cost, we here throw a wacky book to the procrustean of non-Vulgarians.

Helping out is Jill Goodacre, exponent. Says she, "I like to dig my nose into a good book and forget about the My favorite author is Sidney Sheldon. I wish he would write more often." So what does she do with Sidney Sheldon (who we always thought was, if anything, a tad too profane) is riding on high in his literary seat? "The guy is an old-fashioned girl," says Goodacre. "I love to water-color."



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THE FOUNTAIN PEN
is as exquisitely refined a century in the marketplace, and about the same vintage. Invented in 1888 by a New Yorker named Louis E. Waterman, the first true fountain pen was the Waterman Ideal, which remained the best-known make well into the '30s. It sold for about

two bucks. (If you find one of the backlog of your grandfather's old desk, you can sell it today for enough to buy a small compact disc, of course, you won't.)

For four decades or so, the pen is man carried in his inside pocket pocket was an expression of his taste in the pocket itself. Then, in the '70s, the widespread availability of cheap ball-point pens put fountain pens out a long, steady slide. But recently, with sales up nearly 30 percent since 1985, fountain pens are making a big comeback.

And for good reason. A fountain pen is a dandied right biter looking thing, any ball-point, felt tip, or solar bulb is less than subservient in the hand. And, most impressive, it provides an entirely different, distinctly superior writing experience. The difference, say, between beluga caviar and country roe.

When selecting a fountain pen, start on writing before buying, unless you're the kind of person who would buy a new car without first taking it out for a test spin. It's more Clark Gable's fitting yourself a pen in ink and scribbling a sonnet on a piece of foolscap, go to another store. As a rule, the place to buy a fountain pen—other than at the dwelling number of specialty shops run by actuaries—slams the supply store. Pensavers have had to know about the fountain pens they sell, and they have a larger selection to show you. Because stores for more demanding about fountain pens are brand-name houses eager to sleek

down a wad of C-notes for anything with a recognizable logo and a dash of gold trim.

Aesthetics are important in fountain pens, after all, you do use the thing every time you use it. But far more important is the pen's business end, the nib.

First, there is the question of nib shape, medium, fast, and each line set the standard norms. What you pick is more than a matter of personal taste or your write with a heavy hand; you're more likely to damage or break fine nibs.

Then there is the matter of nib composition: steel nibs, plated (or plated) steel, fountain-karat gold, and eighteen-karat, in ascending order of cost. The difference between gold and steel is functional: gold gives a smoother write because it's more flexible. The major difference between golds, however, is status: an eighteen-karat nib is no smoother than a fountain-karat, just more expensive.

Finally, there is the way the pen fits in your hand. Major differences in size, weight, and shape can translate into major differences in feel.

A ball-point pen satisfies the need of portability for doing errands, marking up little deals, and keeping score at the ball park, but for important work papers and personal notes to old loves, for diary entries and travel checks to keep your kids in college, for just about anything requiring your signature, you need a fountain pen. Period.

*Buff's capital in your writing style
Gold costs considerably
more but has
greater flexibility than
steels.*

*A gold nib is
upped with carbon
steel and alloy
that prevents the nib from
scratching down.*



Left: 1930s greenwood fountain pen and eight-day karat gold watch by George Washington Blue Star Co. (Montgomery [1930]). The Parker Black and Green pencil or cigarette holder comes from a 1930 gold watch (1930). The Tchénin silver plated 1880s fountain pen is by J. E. Tchénin (Montreal) and the 1930s silver plated watch (1930) is by Daniel Webster. The long, silver Squirt 1920s Montblanc Calligraph fountain pen (1920) has a central fountain and a fountain.

The Wasp's Song

For Mailer, the Apollo man finding sounds is a rhapsody of "Wasprak." His Sleep road always has: "I've been trying to find it out all my life." His best reason for the art now: "An American citizen needs his best efforts."

Norman Mailer never publishes a word without creating a literary event, and in the fiction that follows, he is writing at the height of his powers

Mailer

A Piece of Harlot's Ghost

An adolescence, I had only to say "Blast," and I would think of my groan. God was here to me, God was very much like the image of the Devil allured to me by my good school, St. Matthew's. Chapel was daily and devout to Christ, but once or twice we might hear of the rampings of a satanic, impudent master-ghost named Satan. Chapel kept God and Satan well separated, but I, unlike other Masters, kept them close up. I had my reasons. I was introduced to sexual relations during my first year in the school by an amateur chaplain of St. Matthew's who glorified—I choose the word to convey the sensation of four suddenly indelible sex—my fourteen-year-old penis in his right, unhappy hand.

We were in Washington, D.C., on a school trip. Maybe that is one more reason I dislike our male oppressive capital, that breed self-glorified swamps. Stereotyped and bad memory are at the root of every opposition, I would suppose, and that night I

was sharing a double bed with the instant chaplain, in an inexpensive hotel not far from 17 Street NW, and was unable to sleep, and feeling full of apprehension when the chaplain came out of a fit of silent-hour swooning, mentioned his wife's name several times, "Bertram, Bertram," and proceeded to unbuckle my laces and strip my bewilbered young private of their private dress. I remember being there with a complete sense of the various other members of my class who were also on the trip and in the hotel. I was rolled down two by two, and four by four, in all the other six bedrooms where they had been placed. On this annual trip to Washington, the various rectifications were our guide, and rectified not succeeded in my first year at the school of being assimilated to anyone's mind was anyone else, and thereby was marked in a lesson, the amateur chaplain, a sympathetic fellow, had assigned me to his room.

In the other cabins, who knew what might be going on? At St. Matthew's they



used to call it "holding around." I stayed far apart from each other, play All of us long, however, that there were going on competitive pull-offs all up and down the stairs. Boys would stand side by side and have themselves into positions so who was longer. It was the age of innocence. Being wider was not even a concern to us, for it would have suggested pretension. The reason any of the boys came to school exercises was by knowing a secret little creature named Arnold. We called him St. Matthew's Arnold, even at the age of fourteen, because his was an distinguished among us. St. Matthew's Arnold used to drop his pants and lie on a bed, buttocks exposed. Six or eight of us would watch while two or three of the more robust of us still would take turns slapping their hand-made instruments onto the crack he raised. St. Matthew's Arnold's cheeks "Up, you're disgusting," they'd say, and he'd write back, "Arnold, shut up. You're doing it, too."

It was never in the least horrendous. It was "holding around." Once done, it was not uncommon for the holding-side to leap off the body, wipe himself, and say, "Why can't you be a gal? You look just like a girl." Which was true—Arnold's cheeks were rosier in the moon—and Arnold, having his own male dignity so defiled, would reply, "Arnold, shut up." He was smaller than the boys who did it, though, so they hardly called him for being rude. I would, if any, merely writh.

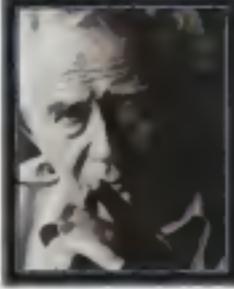
My own relation to those spurs and cutlass was revealed to me, however, by the most odious incident that the captain's men little lips pulled from me. When I was one, and I had been given no adolescent's peek out the front door, he followed all the natural ways offended the parking of his mouth and began to sob in shame. I knew he was worried about his wife and children. "Don't worry," I said. "I'll never tell." He hugged me. Gaudily, I disengaged myself. I did a pencil out of noable hands of penitence, lather in the hair, he would never sing. I did my best to protect him officiating at a high mass-penitential chapel, where silk surplices over white linen connoted those ritual gestures a soliloquy I could employ against him. It may have been a real magic. After an interval of silence, equal in weight to the darkness of one hotel room, he gave a sigh, slipped off his belt, and spent the rest of the night on the floor, while I lay awake on the matress's edge of dreams I could never quite reach.

That was the extent of my homosocial

experience, but what a bend it put into the shape of my psyche. I stayed away from as though it were a disease. That bug and mites crept in, which I won Arnold and the chapter released norms of the foulness suggestions over me. In sum, I would avert or feel violated. My sheets were wet, sprayed with nothing less than the piss, it was certain, of my authority's scatulations.

Willie Nelson Transcends Mortality comes out one weekend with my letter in a charmed light place from Boston, to stay with us at our summer home-in-Moscow Desert Island,

unclad in his own dress in our dugouts and lass. At St. Matthew's, I had heard of the Egyptian godless. Man before I ever heard of Hugh Montague. The association of his name, however, was due to him. Mitra had the body of a woman and a large feather fan her neck and head. As the Egyptian God-ess of Truth, the emulsion's customs held principles in the depths of one's soul; the difference between a truth and a falsehood weighed no more than a feather. So Matthew's tended to equate this weight to the presence of Christ, and Montague was the discerning author of that addition. So



Author, Auteur

Over the course of a decade writer Bill Hirsch made regular excursions into the movie *America, Sweetmeat*. Spent the winter holidays last on Cape Cod driving the film of his son's Tough Guy's Dance. "More logic is when things are spotted, fast." The transmission into fiction is "like reading home to your wife after a two year absence." The author is Michael

at an event of the first instance. We had a much system-of-musae. It might have been my own creation for the first time during a harsh walk my father at "x," but his name seemed present everywhere thereafter, at least at school. A new life in my personal history had been duly opened. He was, as I now discovered, one of the half-dozen experts at St. Matthew's. All through his first pass at school, I knew that teachers must have spoken of him, but—he being a scroobious adolescent—the name never crossed my mind. Once my father mentioned his incorporate in my lesson, however, there seemed systems of him everywhere. It is possible that Hugh Montague gave larger at St. Matthew's's advice. So let's see: spoke of him now, as if he had been a headmaster. By arrest record, he had been coach of the soccer team, and founder of the Mountain Wearing Club. A graduate of St. Matthew's, yes, and of Harvard, '56, he had come back to the school and taught English and Drama Studies—he

Matthew's had always taken Divine Studies seriously, but after Montague's influence on it, we had a contribution to make—so we felt—greater than any other school of our ilk in New Hampshire or Massachusetts, n—! I am to share it down in Connecticut. We were closer to God than the others, although we knew enough not to state the fact. Hugh—known than as Mr. Montague—had given the class. Christ was Love, but Love lived only in the Truth.

That is an extraordinary addition in the *St. Matthew's* if we come to recognize—as I have—that Christ has a special tenderness for dwarfs and horned Christ, however, wins Truth to Mr. Montague, and on the consequence, one's ability to recognize the presence of Grace (which I always saw as a blossoming in the cogen of the chest) could be assisted by it.

Montague left precipitously in St. Matthew's God the Father—almighty, omnipotent Jehovah—was the principle of justice. All

GREAT PERFORMERS

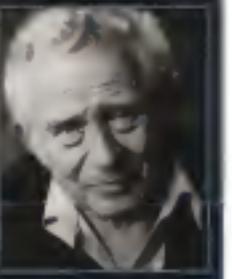
Willie Nelson and Ray-Ban Sun Glasses



Wrangler

agreed that God, the Father, was Justice Mr. Montague added that God, the Father, was also the embodiment of Courage, Justice is Love in Truth and there could be no compassion without honesty, so was his response to Courage. There was no justice for the coward. There was only the progeny of his many lies and a student that he agreed to look in through. A cowardly act had been committed on a lie told. Somewhere in the formative years he should have known better. Matt's environment was a loss, quoted from an address Hugh Montague gave in a special occasion to a senior class

Compassion on the playing field became, therefore, an actor of Courage, Justice is Love in Truth and there could be no compassion without honesty, so was his response to Courage. There was no justice for the coward. There was only the progeny of his many lies and a student that he agreed to look in through. A cowardly act had been committed on a lie told. Somewhere in the formative years he should have known better. Matt's environment was a loss, quoted from an address Hugh Montague gave in a special occasion to a senior class



Mailer the Engineer

In a life, in both the most shared, won or in all its private-ness Brookhaven is a harsh teacher. Hardly denied he should be signs of success. Studied aeronautical engineering at Harvard or the Forces. When he doesn't succeed, it's not his fault, it's someone he loves' fault, he's a physicist, "A physicist can do well in his field. An engineer has more things to learn."

in chapel. "The purpose of this school," he said, "is not to send you away as brilliant men—although some of you do indeed have the rarely gift of quick mentalities—but to offer American society our greatest known for their honesty and sense of purpose. That is this school's intention that you will leave us as good, brave young men."

It will say it for Mr. Montague and St. Matthew's. Our theology was more complex than that. There was the spiritual interpretation of evil for the good and brave. The Devil, Montague explained his life was to trip up foolish soldiers. Virtue, complicity, and indecision were therefore a curse. Existence was an ascending slope and one could not stay on it. One must succeed in rising in every challenge except the ones that would drag us needlessly. So, prideless. Because the sole qualification God allowed to the imperious of Courage, even in Love offered, an occasion, a tender presence to Truth.

Matthew's gave out no trace of the dualistic nature of his mind. Only the principles came down to us, strong doses of integrity untempered by meanness who lived with the amorphous, rather than the less of legal consequence, that had brought him there. So, hypocrisy abandoned also at St. Matthew's. We were all similar than our professors, indeed, the assistant chaplains who arranged the admissions grants with ingrained bias were, of course, a disciple of Hugh Montague Montague, even a radio-clubber, though I heard he was not a good one.

Rock-climbing, after all, was the objective overrule of Virtue, which is to say,

the merging of Truth and Courage. I was soon to find out. That night, in the summer of 1949 when Hugh Montague came to our house for the first time, he was thirty-five and I was seventeen. He looked forty-five to me, and much as I expected, half a British officer. For his erect posture and his mustache, half an Anglican clergymen, by his wire-trimmed eyebrows and high

browridges. One talked in low with an air of ease. I knew immediately why Clara was Truth, not Love, for Mr. Montague. "Honesty helps me," was my first thought as we shook hands. "I had a guy to reward you of the local climbing pads that are just outside town to keep them from sparing any unnecessary effort in their grasp. "Heaven help me," went my thoughts, "this man is a serial prick."

I remembered how my father, forty pounds heavier than Hugh Montague Montague, cracked nonetheless around our introduction like an amateur自然家, a laic of my father's personality. He'd never seen before I had only realized how much that morning had to mean to my father, but even when it had taken so long to arrange, that separation would suffice a full-fledged if it did not work. I remember that my father excused Mr. Montague and me, and my father was soon gone. There was some recollection that we then went down to the den to have a talk. That comes to me with clarity.

You're not in the system, your father says."

"I think so."

"That's good. What are your subjects at St. Matthew's?"

I named them.

"Your friends?"

"Sighs," I said.

"What's the best novel you've read this year?"

"Portrait of a Lady," I said. "We had it assigned, but I liked it a lot."

He nodded slowly. "Henry James is a great pen as the Moran Desert. It's a pity that Hemingway's heart to him, and there would have been a reason to repeat Sandham or Tolstoi."

"Tolstoi," I said. I was thinking that I was a lone. I had given up A for my paper on Portraiture of a Lady, but that merrily passed a few critical appreciations. I certainly hardly gave it bad marks with Henry James. The Boeing Loan was when I had enjoyed most late year. Neal Alderman, the jew, had appealed on me.

"Let's go out tomorrow," he said. "Your father wants me to take you on a climb. I don't think there's dependable rock suitable for beginners over a place called Outer Cliffs. We'll pick a route that's feasible."

"Yours?" I was hoping that what he called Outer Cliffs was some other Outer Cliffs than the one I knew. For the one I knew was black rock and developed a straight eighty feet down to the sea. Some cases on the sea of the tide, there was a

heavy roll of surf at Poughkeepsie Bay, and I had heard the gavel of black waves on black rock at Outer Cliffs. Indeed, the fall was so steep I could never back over the edge.

"G-men I've never done my rock-climbing," I said, and repeated the remark on the mat.

"You'll know a little more tomorrow than you know right now."

"Bingo."

"Your father asked me to be your godfather."

I nodded. My quick first at the thought

Mailer on the Rocks

I consider the intricacies of his book deep into the dangers of his rock to stop the visitors at risk. I could see his maternal public, bairns in the sun, he would climb, the crags where the old-time strands of New York. The fear is obvious. But it's a primal fear. You will die if you try it."

of tomorrow had already commanded the lower regions of my nose. If I had given one more time, it would come out like she's papa.

"I have to tell you," he said, "I was interested in culture. He fixed me front and center with his stare. "One must have a close personal interest to be a godfather."

"That's true, I suppose." I cracked it forth.

"I don't like close personal interest."

I nodded.

"On the other hand, it has regard for your father. No self ever knew how good his war record was until the records can be told."

"Yours?" But I braced. Absolutely unprepared to myself, I left such happiness at the remembrance of my father's qualities that I knew the value, as the upside, of family pride. I was still less keen to live with all the miseries of a son of a murderer.

"Given pride like that in your father," he said, "you will be able to regard him."

"Never," I said. "But I'm going to try." "Bingo," he said, and, giving me back my name for the first time, you're a natural for staying an impressive leader. I don't tell people this, but since we're absolutely enclosed on a special sentence, at least personally speaking, I choose to inform you that a doctor can save a natural disaster to less of an impact on life than the comes because of growing up without me. Mine was lifted in Colorado in a shooting accident."

"For you to live that is."

"I was born when it occurred. I must say I didn't have to grow up together without him. He was always a pleasure in my life."

It took twenty-five years before I was released that David Montague, his brother, had been shot by his mother, Rosalie, in David entered the same bushes one night. It was never clear whether he had broken legs and was climbing through the woodwind in among through the trees. There was also much blood on the floor. Father he had crawled, mortally wounded, on his belly from the window to the door, as he was dead, as had been dragged by Hugh's mother from his door to the window, then back to the door, to support the way that his unexpected entrance by the window caused her to believe he was an intruder. I understand Ty Cobb's father was shot under similar circumstances, and there are some who believe it occurs for the reputation of Ty Cobb on the base paths. If that is the result for the making of us body-builders, I see no reason why it could not apply to Hugh Montague.

Near day, ate to his pleasure, he drove me out to Outer Cliffs. In appreciation, I spent a dogleg night. First I had hoped a week, then I began to hope it would not. I was certain that Mr. Montague would say the essence of rock-climbing was to accept the given. If the rock was slippery in the sun, we would still have to go. So I began to play a world-class race.

How many of us go in the morning, but I know the weather in Mount Desert will enough to see that the sky would be clear by 8:00. To avoid a family breakfast, we had hard eggs and coffee at a local house (no granda's last midmorning there), and I we made food in all weather, the rolls and biscuits going down like salsips and bisques. Then we took the Fox Den along the eastern shore of Mount Desert, and as we drove, I named for him all the places long familiar to me, the Brothers, Sand Beach, Thunder Hole, Gerhard

Magnusson, a grade leading the way to the ocean in natural beauty. Or, as I was convinced, Black circling was familiar to me, only in sleep. I always knew when a dream had become a nightmare, for there was I clinging to a ledge.

We parked. We walked along a wooded trail for a hundred yards, descended on a ledge, and had all ourselves, at the perimeter of a cliff, a view open to the boom and bust of the Atlantic crashing on rocks below. I made a quick glance-down. It passed my mind that standing on the edge of a cliff without a railing seven stories high. My rugger was to sit, Mr. Montague, are you certain this is the right place?"

He was smiling, his bones are rubber to him. He was smiling, brawling and chacking, weighing the consequences of one against against another whilst I sat next to his climbing gear, on rocks, and for all I know, lambs. The scene on which I sat was pink pink and locally, but the straight couldn't believe was dark grey, close to black at the houses. Years later, in "The Department Store" in Sagamore, I was to have an unseasonal attack of anxiety one night as I stood at a Vicksburg prostitute's cleft-spread legs. Her open vagina looked like a sunburst peacock and I resolved that the curtains at the pink pink and mass black curtains had brought me back to the fearful moments I passed while Mr. Montague took the measure of where to commence my instruction.

Finally, he sat on the right place. "This will do," he said, and unstrapped his gear, took two coiled nylon ropes from the sun bag, and ranged on a few feet near the edge. "We'll rappel down," he said. "It's safe. Big stones like it, however, confess to you to themselves."

Somehow that was reassuring. "Why?" I managed to ask.

"You're dependent on things external to yourself," he answered, as I sat with the reply. "There's no way to tell when a little tree like this one give."

He was taking precautions; but I could not describe all that he did, but I could understand that he was now only anchoring one end of the rappel rope to the sun, but connecting it to either another by means of long slings of webbing slung over some adjacent rocks. All of it converged through an oval blossoming ring visible thus my gaze, which I knew was called a carabiner.

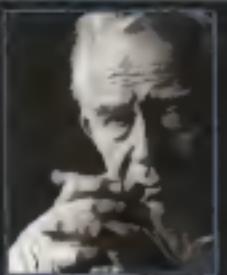
"Are you going to use poison?" I asked, trying my best to give him a warrant of knowledgeability.

"Oh, no need," he said. "Not for that."

I realized that, old as he was, we were along as it came to us—most certainly. Which made it worse. We were very simple.

"All right, you want here," he said when done, "and I'll go down, look it over, and come back. Then you'll do it."

I hoped it had to believe that he was going to make a voyage up and down that cliff as easily before dinner and dinner, but I was only a numb body ruffling the rope to be fastened about me. Later, there would be much sophistication of apparatus, like on this occasion when I merely secured the rope around my waist, a rope whose end and head would hold, then make the second rope, slumped it through the cushion attached to the tree, and pulled it tight through so far as could be gripped in two ropes. That does lie rope would be my rappel! He passed it



The Dwindling Soul

He has plastic, popping filmbulbs, the visual technology of our times. He can even refund Jackie Onassis to a glinting blank of herself, his Onassis. Does they're exponential a portion of his own soul? "I do believe I have less soul because I've been photographed so many times. But I try to increase the family imposed by that."

He stopped the rope from around his waist, called me to pull it up. Then he climbed up right after. He seemed to take him no longer than he would have spent on five or six flights of stairs.

"No rock," he said. "You'll have a good time."

I did not say a word. I thought of every excuse I could make. I had had so little. I felt dirty or unprepared times. I thought I might be developing heart trouble. I would like to approach this more slowly. Could we wait upon one of the trees that did not require ropes? Down below, rolling loudly on the rocks, she surf reverberated among my fears with the overpowering robustness of a bell tower.

I said nothing. I realized that my own destruction was by now impulsive to whisper-

through own combiners linked some my barriers at the water, the carbines to serve as brake during the rappel, then took the double rope under my thigh, dia-gonally across my chest, and secured my hand to my other arm. So, he climbed each end of my artificial embrace of me, one hand grasping the slack, the other arm out for balance, I seemed to walk backward over the lip.

To get out hands on a ledge and lean backward into space, holding only to a rope, is equal to the will one has in childhood in hitting off of bed. One discovers that the road is one's own. My first few steps, feet pressed flat against the vertical rock, were in clumsy as if my legs were constructed posts.

It was only after I discovered fire as a rope that I began to comprehend rappelling could actually be done, indeed, it was a good deal easier to learn than employment of crutches.

How immature was the surface of the rock, however! Each pack below me was

an-egg socket, each large crack, a door slot. Faints of intricate beauty and malice lined looked back at me from the kinks and knobs of the rock. Help and I never leaving myself around the Rock of Leswaria. Yet such was my idea of being able to perform these acts that before I reached the bottom, I actually gave a few thrums out with my legs and read running off slack with the move through the double carbines, at my waist, these creative efforts now dissipated. I am certain, to the first star of the lower horizon that a no-way old dog will make a preparation for barking.

Up in the masonry of sand!

He gave the snarler smile—the fear one had seen him after time he'd arrived. "You'll find I picked a climb with loads of broken."

Unattached to any rope, he started up. "Try to recall my name when you're here," he called down from fifteen feet above. "You don't have to leave. Part of the fun is to come on your own finds." Whichever he measured the lies in any continuous series of rap moves and was at the top before I became aware again that the rope attached to my waist was still very much in place, and its end was just like an anchor. He then gave a few thrums out with my legs and read running off slack with the move through the double carbines, at my waist, these creative efforts now dissipated. I am certain, to the first star of the lower horizon that a no-way old dog will make a preparation for barking.

"What if I pull you with me if I fall?" I asked. My voice emerged in a reasonably clear croak, but the effort was frantic given me barking the sharp pain.

"I'm anchored to the tree." He banished down on me. "Get started. I'll send you clear by corner paper." It was beginning to understand who summoned him. The use of link in otherwise vast language, he can-

not speak of the beauty that rises from such fear of the rock? It was professed, I was aware, I understood the logic of God, the use of compassion to be found in the harsh hunk of the demand.

When I started up the wall, I could not balance how straight up was its ascent; I imagined that might be measured by my figure, but no, the rock was vertical. True, it was cracked and scarred and mangled and pained, a raw, rough sort of surface that you could actually get a grip on. Topping a friendly knob of a hold in the top of my neck, and using a small slot for my hand, I stepped in, reached up, pulled, and was now a foot off the ground. There the contours of the first year day in Kyn Howk. To firmly, I hit the rope pull on laps and waist. "If you need a little help," he yelled down, "call for 'Tremor,' or which, by designation, he pulled himself so that I felt less than my own full weight and more inclined to climb. I found another grip and foothold just above, took the step, took another, and another, then glanced down. I was eight feet above the ledge, how splendid! I found another knob and drove my knee into the hookers of which he spoke, a hole about as

large as a pool table pocket into which I could shove my foot. Thus I started, crying to catch my breath. The rock felt alive to me. It had odors, and grooves filled with dirt, overhanging shelves, ampers, it had a public concern. I do not wish to exaggerate, but the intimacy of the act my hand had an impact. It was as if my muscles were clinging to the body of a great male of horses and flesh, and the more I concentrated trouble on the body, the more that was true. Thus I entered the more difficult portions of the ascent and was trapped above, halfway up in one place where I had all sorts of trouble. I held on to a narrow ledge that was so good to grab to with my hands, and ran a quarter inch of rock-wear to support the last push with my foot. Suddenly understanding, I communicated the squeezing intention of the rock's number. All the while that one's limbs are burning from brain exhaustion of anxiety, one does not know whether to try an upward or, at least to descend a few feet in order to hear another roar, biesen on the rock, my voice cracked in my throat, and the optic depths below falling away into the over-versible past, I now stored the grandeur with full hope at presuming jeweled and possibility planned by such apply on the rock. I shake half of all I ever learned about rock-climbing must have been absorbed in the first five minutes on Oscar Cliff. I had been introduced to the great social world of recent days. There, the smallest bit of irregularity can prove an immensely useful friend, a treacherous I can curiously employable associate, a closed door, an opening room. That's enough to measure myself once a climber's corner just below a small overhang.

There I stood, rubbing for breath, also gather Switzerland by what to do next. The man I squashed myself into this paroxysm, which accommodated only a part of my body, the mouse I had to manage the strength of my arms in untidy bush. I heard Mailer call out, "Don't build year cast there! It's no place to build."

"I don't know what to do," I said.

"Back down a few feet. Walk over to right down."

It was then I discovered the curious nature of each one write. That is usually as inaccessible to us that we are destined to know less of our writer than our neighbors. Even as I began to obey him and took my first step of retreat, spring already all the later possibilities he had suggested to the right, I saw there might be a quicker

way around the overhang I I used a nose to the left. It was taken. One can never see all the crucial details that lie above (which is why even the best climbers sometimes meet with great effort into a cold-sit) Here, to the right, I had my seat at least, whereas on the left, I could see one good move and then another, but those appeared to be some veritable ten feet above, some smooth rock face with two vertical cracks five feet apart—and perhaps a hold or two. I could not tell. What appears to be a hold down below can prove only the shadow of a bulge, what promises an edge for one's foot

Hizzoner, the Mailer

The adulatory buzz of political commenters has led me to write for Mailer. He quotes W. H. Auden: "If you don't have the fire in the belly one never." The fire this man who is now writing 100 books in a repressive industry, a wise master of New York City literati, did his best President, says Tolstoy,

came out to be too narrow. It is no more than a vision of the voice. Speaking of God, we good ones of ledger men whom a man could stand over as demonstrably good in a gift from the angels. One be comes estranged with the rock. One lives on too long. What Mailer had insisted on there as a "transient" seconds was now screwing me into my mouth and kidneys mass of indecision fear-death-scream.

Yet it took this option to the let. It was made. It had no base given to me by base and so a might be my rise. Such was the state of my logic. Fighting for breath as unashamedly as a woman in labor, at least by my adolescence, like sophisticated understanding of what a woman might be in labor, unashamedly my religious education advised by logic. Vergne was given. The impossible could be converted by the invasions of one's heart. Scaling off in daylight, I had to make moves it would not have at tempted before. Desperate to prove my choice, I had to include one fancy unashamedly

from one rock up to another, one step of which could have held me for more than a second, but I did it all in one continuous move as if I were Montague, and in a second found myself able to stand and run on the small ledge above the ocean.

Montague called down, "There others, here. You'll pass the crags." It came up to me. I had passed through the world I entered on to the top in a state of citizen that was prepared to dangerous in an all our flesh. "Foolish," he said when I joined him. "Now we'll try you on

Over, he took along two of my clothes, but we had a dull morning at my first route, and I took on pleasure in these least. I left—overcome or not, I left.

Mr. Montague and I prepared to be alone. Each day he took me over a different kind of boulders. I was introduced to finger holds and pressure holds. Learned how to "crimp" smooth rock with the heel of my hand. Lut-back holds and crack holds were shown to me, fast jams and chockstones. He took me up square chockstones and overhangs, gave me problems in marching and hand movement. Forget me, but I mastered

worship in earnest. It spent time with fear in an unadmitted as a unfamiliar with the known. It set, I learned the terrible laws of fear. It had me let composed or not collected together, then involved and dreams. There were days when I could not complete a climb and had no place to rock climbing, it is harder, however, to descend than to climb; one's feet have to search for the holds, and they are less well than the fingers. So, I slipped often, and dislodged the grip, and twisted, and knew myself done. My above, nor could not sleep that night for thinking of it. I would have to go back the next day, and the again.

There is no preparation to climbing more compelling. I think one is missing in such times all the things lost in childhood from loss of courage, yes, having, though from the sea bushes closest? I felt all the great fears that weighed me down and began that ascent to the surface—I was being delivered from the grip of lost hope that a country appearance was near. Each time I failed in completing a climb, the last I was hoping to do was not concerned but gained courage, and I was left wholly alone within.

For each time I succeeded where I had failed the day before, I received my dependable reward. For an hour, or for a night, I was happy. On the best day I had in those two weeks, which was the last day, Montague brought me back to Oyster Cliff and told me to take the lead. Numbness had all I had learned, going up front on the same events where I had begun proved several times more difficult. Taking the lead, I had to harness or my pants as I went, my arm in such a category of controlled place, it would cramp after every five rays of the sun. When the prospect of a fall was again upon the lead, I tried to get a position every five feet, knowing each prospective fall might double the length, so I could plummet from five feet above the last prior to five feet below. That no fact would be doubted if the lower place should pull out. With such a prospect, an early climb becomes a hard climb.

Once I did fall. It was for ten feet, no more, my pants held, but I bounced on the end of the rope, then took a man move into the rock. Scrapped, bruised, and feeling as dismasted as a car who has been dropped into a pool of ice water, I held my breath against the long temptation to whimper, took a full minute to catch the wall, breathing steadily at my exploded will, and, hard to believe that I was exceeding this no myself, took up the climb again and looked



The Art of Virtue

At age forty-five, he has taken up the work of life, deserted sleep in his rock climbing, working steadily for his new project. He regimen of virtuous life leads, as does, physical punishing. "It's probably the Duke you get. This man is making me less virtuous." He protests. By a regulation these days, "I can't eat meat when I write, or I am just unvirtuously."

tougher stuff." He began packing the gear for the drive to a superior highpoint.

Oscar's Holes are the rock songs quite proportion if one does not make the lead like blues tags, and is belayed from above by a good climber, it soon becomes clear that one can offend one's sense to fall. Unaware, my first time up, of such relative security, I made every move as if a natural might be my death. I took a second move that alienated on a vertical column to The Preacher to make me aware that I was living in comparative safety. But once more I made that not work. I slipped from a fractured foot hold. Yet I still plagued a couple of feet and suffered no more than a sprain to my knee. The rope held by him was helping me home above.

I made progress also that Mr. Montague had accepted my father's invitation to take his two weeks' summer vacation at our home. So, for two weeks, I went out every day with him. And often in the sun

those techniques to keep track of the different rock faces on which we spent our days. These were nights when the proper placement of points and loops changed in my head as I went to sleep, and I heard the hiss of the rope as Mr. Montague, on the lead, tugged at through the carbines above me. I had fallen a low with the immobile shell of the rock-climber. Clumsy, using my arms more than my legs, and my self as a substitute for muscles, I ascended the wall up every face, likely with the effluvia of the room. For those over weeks of summer, I did not have a finger, an elbow, or a knot that was not raw, and my thighs and shins acquired a bloused brusness, but I was happy. I enjoyed it more happy than not for the first time in my life, and, thereby, at the age of seventeen, grasped a path some distance as much as happiness is experienced most deeply as the intervals between terror. As each climb led me to ways in greater, more difficult than the one before, so did I rarely have a day in which it was not

far a way through the crags. It happened so far the same morning as on the first day, but now I was dragging a rope behind me, rather than being ensnared from those Two words of quickly acquired knowledge made the difference. I worked my way to the top without scratches.

These two words did much for me. Had now starting in the family. My concern goes way to my expertise in passing mistakes, and my father took me for a night of climbing over the mudflats of his Harbor. Toward the end of the evening, I was finding no refuge in a place of磐石:

"I'm not wholly dependable, according to your father."

"Not wholly."

"Men work to develop their evil skills. Women are my belief—merely numbers there?" When he saw my otherwise eyes were not without a blushing on of the nature of this observation, he suggested, and said, "When we know each other a bit better, we might trade a few anecdotes about our respective mothers." He came to a full stop as if startled by himself—"Anecdotes, don't count on it."

"Count."

"From now on, when we're alone, you and I will not call to call me by the name a few of my associates know. I have my reason for telling you now. The name is Harriet. Not to be confused with Harlow, Jean Harlow, but Madie."

"Yours?"

"One of the most persistent little questions ever at Biggy Bottom is why Madie has kept that damn name since the OSS. OSS or later, they all make the pilgrimage over to my good side and have the something-somethings to ask directly. As if I were about to tell! Should we become inseparable friends, I'll spill the beans. In twenty years."

"Well, I'm glad," I said. "I feel so sorry I was ready to say, instead, I had a good session of boasting. The flesh it inspired told me for the first time how rich my father's inside must feel."

"Hugh's going to make you feel a lobster dinner tomorrow," he said. "Hugh says that you've worth a good guy all of us."

In the event, Hugh Montague had a good day-to-day as the first day, I had begun to bubble—the intoxication of having learned this new sport: that was a skill, an art, and an open air messenger for the soul, augmented by my successful lead that afternoon, not to mention my fibres

ton's excommunicate because the eagle is here, as well as the great if weird release of knowing. Mr. Montague, Riemann godlike, would be gone tomorrow, had me nothing. I was set to take notes next to forward the new discipline, but Mr. Montague was off.

"Harry, I'm going to tell you something that will hurt. I mean it, however, not only for your good, but the world's. I have kept a high opinion of you over these two weeks. You are going to make a good man, and I respect that quality of your soul because you were deck-paltry cards in childhood. I gather poor mother in my tag."

"Yes."

"And not wholly dependable, according to your father."

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of imagination and the eagle intact, I may very well probably come in second or third from the best."

"Then what do I have to stop?" I pointed.

"No. Probably not. Hurt yourself only. But that's not my reason. It's more particular than that. Only the best of happiness should ever deserve of going on it's more than just a sport, you see, for brave ones like yourself." This was the first time anyone had ever called me brave.

"No," I said. "What? Why do you want me to go?"

"It's an activity that means on excellence. Harry, if you wear out, it would take your life over. You could not run with the fire. Whenever you faced on a climb, the memory would empower every thought until you succeeded. Even among good people, that can be a terribly corrupting power, an addiction. One ends in a climb, and a swim, or a mediocre accomplishment where didn't it always feel like success. It's like being a human being but not. One is able to comprehend nothing else."

"I was sufficiently agreed to say to him: "I don't understand what you're saying." My voice had been here ruled before he could find his answer. His discipline as a pedagogue may have saved me from a few thoughts of the temper."

"All right, then," he said, "we will go further. A man who acquires high competence in rock climbing able to become the instrument of his own."

That's what he meant. That's what we try to arrive at. That's what's not encouraged to desire from the peer one. A child is caught not to act his parts. That's what that this toward becomes the instrument of the will. And as we grow older, we often feel emotions that are as low and obnoxious as the embarrassing occasions, it might in public, to take a step." He used the word as though that were the only acceptable synonym ever to employ. "But nevertheless, we say to our good qualities, as much the instrument of our will," he spun up, pointing.

"Obviously, for emotions that are basically unkind, it's going to take more rock climbing, one learns, from the upper regions of the will. But it's quite a process. Probably as dangerous as black magic. For so like, every time we try to confront it again, it's back to the Devil. If we fail, the Devil leaps through the gap and assumes our ownership. "With such will," says the Devil, "and your cowardice shall be forgotten." Rock-climbing, when successful, does such a gap. It pushes the Devil off. On the other hand, shouldn't it, should it, be the Devil

backward! One cannot live for too long with courage and cowardice forever slaying. If one is not good enough at rock climbing, one spends half one's time getting the Devil out, the other half allowing him back in. There is when I call myself more. So long as we stay in there, we rarely the Devil altogether. For he loves circular, obscure, unsupple activity. Tortoises are his meat. When all else would be minding his a peacock, Satan will nibble the divine."

"Murphy," I said, "I would know what I could do with and what I couldn't, and just talk with?"

"Never. You are better than the father. That half is not going to come. From the first day I could see that by one measure you were equal to the best rock climbers. You under stood it. You knew you were in an own church, the one where religion comes close enough to God to give a little real sustenance."

"Your?"

"You know. Hell me out. There's a story I was told about saints from Ireland, terribly intense sort of Jewish people called Hesychasts. They used to inhabit some of the most mountainous villages of Russia and the Ukraine. It seems that one day this folk, a rabbi, was so devoted that he prayed to God forty times a day, and, finally, after fifty years, he staggered and said, 'God, I have lived! You for so long, why won't You reveal Yourself to me?' Whereupon, God did just that, revealed Himself. What do you think the rabbi did next?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Montague began to laugh. I had never heard him give a full laugh before. There were some people down one would have thought made fun of His laugh was off over the place. "Well, Harry, the good rabbi lay down right under the hill and began to howl like a dog. 'Oh, God,' he said, 'please do not reveal Yourself to me.' That, Harry, is a useful story. God is a ruse before all else. It's the first step to lesson. If Christ had not been sent to us, no one would ever have gotten out of the case. There would have been no modern civilization."

"What about Egypt, or Greece, and Rome?"

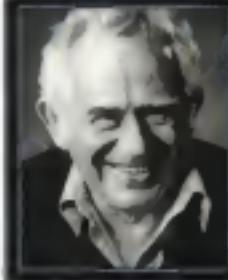
He couldn't have been more pleased with the question. "I'll give you though, that up," he said, much as Richard Nixon would in press conference. "Harry, those cultures worked fine. They were a perfect example of the observational. They kept time in place. Devil's abode, all three of them. Don't be impressed by how beautiful they were. The Devil, never forget it, is the most

beautiful creature God ever made. But apparently, these cultures never came out of the cave. They discovered the internet, used it was Plato's cave, but they weren't able to take it. It took Christ to come along and say, 'Forget the son of the son of the father.' That's the day, Harry, that scientific inquiry was born. Even if we had no war, all those countries for Kepler and Galileo. But follow the logic, once the father begins to believe that his sons will not water his face of sacrifice, he grows bold enough to expand. He looks upon the universe at a curious place, rather than guaranteed to

You experience God when you're expanded a long way out beyond yourself and still trying to let go from your front. Get caught up in a rock and of course you want to howl like a dog. Inhuman, that terror and you run to a higher level. That may be our ultimate purpose on earth. To rise to higher and higher levels of fear. If we succeed, we can, perhaps, close soon of God's face."

"His face?"

"Absolutely. His face of the great power. He has given the Devil. There is no face we'll ever see a least the Devil's powers are equal to this enlightened planet to the Lord's. That



American Ego

By Norman Mailer
Illustration by Cezar Mihaiulianu

Cited Muhammad Ali as America's greatest hero, Mailer's own ambitions have been immense. To write the "big book" that would alter American consciousness. *An American Tragedy*, his Egyptian epic ends in the fifth part of a long-projected trilogy. "We get to the next two in my series if I ever get to begin."

series chosen for his curiosity. That was the beginning of the technological sleight side that may destroy us yet. The Jews, however, being besieged for two thousand years, had to keep dealing with Jehovah. They didn't have Christ. So they never began God is awesome." Oh, God, do not reveal Yourself to me. Not all at once!"

He paused. He ordered another drink for each of us, Hemingway for himself, and Harper's, Tommies, for me. "Let me have an Old Hapton's for Young Harry," he earnestly said to the waitress, and went right back to his diatribe on the awesome. "I suspect that God is with us in some fashion on every rock-climb. Not to save us—but I do not think that, on walking psychology—God, never!"—God at the elbow of all religious and atheistic. As if all that God had no do was preserve the middle and the indifferent. No, God is not a Saint Bernard dog to rescue us at every pass. God is out there when we are rock climbing because that is the only way to get a good glimpse of Him.

It is why," he said, "I don't want you to continue rock climbing. The basic fact is that you don't have the equipment skills that are necessary. You will convert all you have into a vice. You will keep finding a little courage and losing it. You could end up like one of those monotonously boring garden workers who work for years to reproduce roses and never stop thinking about their usual blobs of success."

"Okay," I said. Now I was angry. And fully bare but clearly angry.

"All that's not to disapprove of your feelings, but in true respect. By now, I know you better than poor Father does, and you have nice gifts. I'll say no more. Your father is an atheist, and weak, on occasion, in judgment, but I pride myself on a cold eye. You have qualities that your father, for all his splendid stuff, is lacking."

Hugh Montague held up his glass. We would drink together. Then we shook hands and those back to the house, and in the morning he left.



The Old Man and the Thumb

It was a brutal sort of matinée, the alternate movie-a-movie—Hemingway versus Plimpton in an evening of thumb wrestling. The name was the last 'fat'. They squared off at a table by the kitchen door in one of Hemingway's favorite New York restaurants. The Colony. Blasted with a large, double thumbs-up strength

ated by hours of tennis, Plimpton trounced the old master, forcing Hemingway's thumb into submission again and again. But the literary lion left his mark on his young acolyte. Although Plimpton rose from the table triumphant, his hand was saluted with vicious hold mucus from Hemingway's maddening grip.

SOLID BOLD

WAYS TO
KICK START
A TIRED
WARDROBE



The Perfect Leather Jacket

DUSTY CLOTHES



Left: Black
caftan motorcycle jacket
(\$825), charcoal wool
trousers (\$115), and
black cotton mesh beret (\$15),
by Bill Robinson.

Cobalt-blue pigskin-
and-cuede gloves (\$150),
by Issey Miyake.
Sport jacket by Ronaldus
Shawshak.

SOLID BOLD

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN LAMBERT

The Serious Hat

Bottom left: fedora (\$160),
by Berluti.
Woolspike plaid wool double-breasted suit (\$1,150)
and olive cotton sport shirt
(\$165), by Raphaele.

Right: *Muscat Horns Twill*
single-breasted
sport jacket (\$160) and
elkwool
denim polo (\$130), by Ronaldin
Shawar.





Black frame eyeglasses (\$25), by Anglo American Eyewear. Black wool-and-cashmere single-breasted sport jacket (\$1,775), white cotton dress shirt (\$250), and black silk tie (\$75), by Giorgio Armani
Right: Zip-front wool and cashmere mock necksweatshirt (\$110), and wool knit trousers (\$113), by Saks Fifth Avenue No Frills

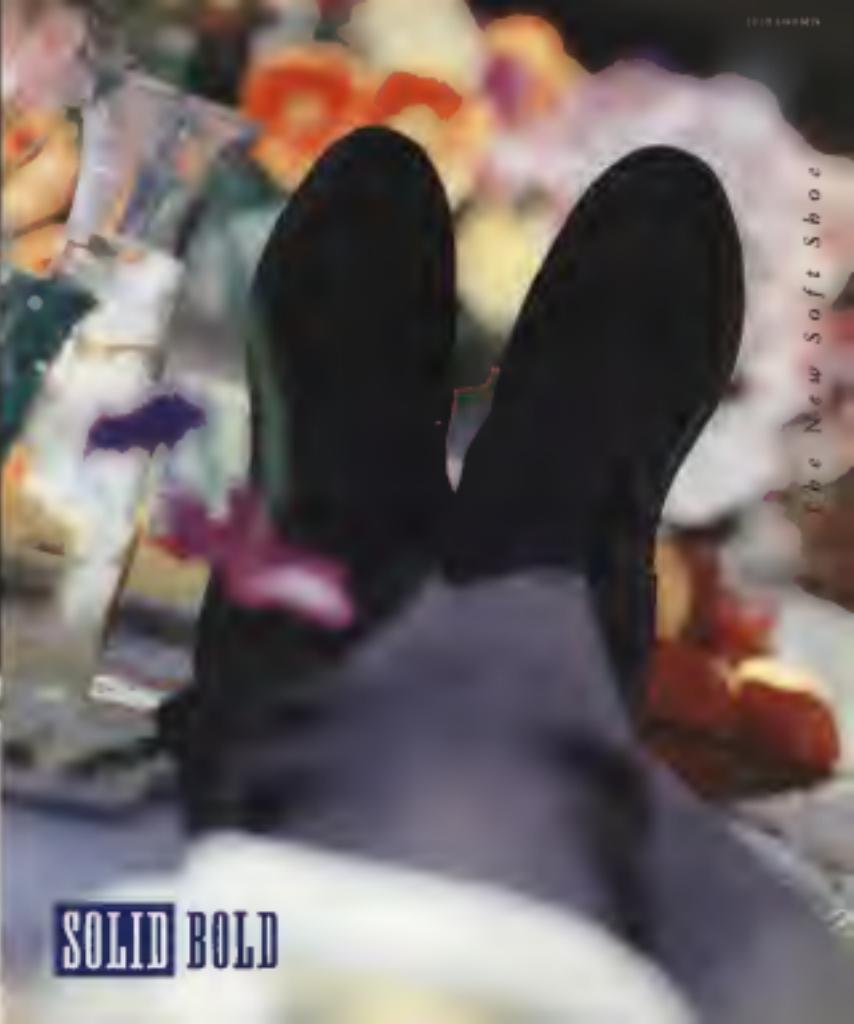
SOLID BOLD





*Red velvet and
purple-hued tweed coat
(\$2,250), Black and
silver coat (Serr), and quilt
bottom skirt (\$75), by
Claude Montana*

*Right: Black-and-brown
striped suede blouse
(\$445), by Susan Bennis
Warren Edmonds
Chestnut tweed trousers
(\$1,600), by Barry
Brickner. Ribbed cotton skirt
(\$75), by Royce.*



*Mama
on the Train*

The offer was a sales
man from Brooklyn to
Manhattan. McMillan re-
called her first novel, *Mama
on the Train*, going to and from
work. Realism intruded.
It was *completely* simple. I
had a friend of people know
they were paragraphs of the
book. I still can't believe it.

Terry McMillan presents a
vivid history of one woman's loves
that is totally unvarnished,
in a voice of comic lyricism seemingly
discovered in the writing



McMillan

*Men
Who Are
Good
with Their
Hands*

Off and on in my life I've mistaken a good
boy for love. Who hasn't? Even though
they're all history now, I've never considered
any of those guys to be "mine." Father
then, who had a long, long way to go and I
never did, or the doctor whom they wanted
to travel wasn't on my map. My instincts
always told me that each one would be different—
an improvement over the last one.
Besides, I've always liked men who were
good with their hands.

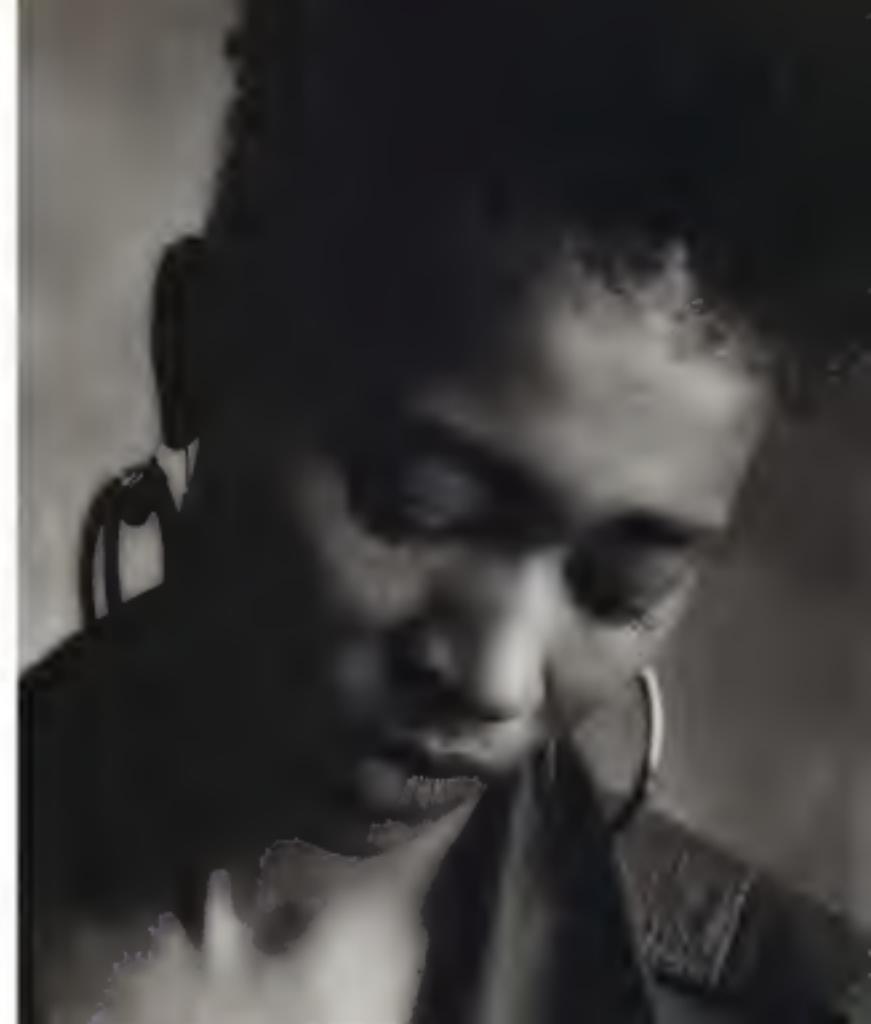
When I was sixteen and the chain broke on
my bike and I fell off and skinned my knee,
Duke picked me up and took one look so
that the chain was tight. He had ringing
maracas and a duck neck. He was also
tattooed. The root-beer-colored grease covered
his hands so that his skin shone like tinfoil
like his fingernails were pillows.

The next day, he walked me home from
school as long way, through Woodhill Woods. We brushed bushes away from our
feet as we trekked from the path. It was so
hot and moist the mosquitoes landed on
our bare arms and legs. I rubbed my hands
up and down my arms to keep them crisp.
Then Duke stopped as if he were waiting
for a light to change. My heart pounded

like someone was having dreams. He
walked up to me, opened his fingers like
two fans, and did them around the middle of
my back. Then he kissed me. It was the
softest, easiest, pleasure kiss I'd ever had in
my life. It was the first kiss I'd ever had in
my life.

We walked that way home until the
leaves turned red and yellow and then fell
off the trees. Snow crunched beneath our
feet and leaves being from dead branches.
Everybody could see us then, though we
weren't trying to hide. No one understood
what I saw as love, especially Marguerite.
"The boy is ugly, any way you look at him," she said. He was just too dark. Marguerite
was bright yellow, which also thoroughly
made her pretty in and of itself. My daddy
was the color of black oak, and the only
thing he ever said referred to Duke was,
"Duke's take a go further than a kiss." That
was it.

Then we moved to Toledo because Duke
got transferred. He worked for the railroad.
Duke and I promised we'd write each
other, but three months after we moved,
one of my cousins called and told me Duke
was dead. He'd been hit by an ambulance
that was going through a red light as he was



crossing the street. For months I couldn't believe it. I slept with the strange elephant he'd won for me at the raffle so it could feel close to him. When I wanted back to Dayton for Christmas, I walked by his house and waved for him to come out. Another family lived there now, and that white woman with pink sponge rollers in her hair kept peeking through the curtains, saying, "Come in."

I had to teach myself to forget him.

I went to the *Wibbly* news office that morning shortly after the other editor. It was Correspondent Miss Superiority, Karen Jones. I assumed to the correspondents that Friday we'd "go over." He passed in two rows of black pants, some of whose legs were so long they stuck out in the sides.

"Those boys," he said, "are all Issaqueena-ball players at the University of Toledo. They are here not only to get an education and participate in sports, but because they don't want to stay away far from the Land of Bernstein, the girl singing here to me, said, 'I don't understand. Their coach made 'em come so they could be a good example for the college. You should see the examples we've been getting for the past six or seven years. Make you not wanna miss a single Sunday, girl.' I looked over at Jesus and had to be the last one of my friends. I said, 'Trust the Lord,' and my trench. I had to trust which one I wanted."

His name—*as I later found out*—was James Ferrer, but his nickname was Chimpagne because he supposedly bubbled up and down the court. After church, Bernstein waited up to all eight of them and introduced himself. She handed him a spit and noticed some more was very gross. She called me over, crossing with her, and thought I needed to act macho. James was the older of the group and he didn't seem to take his spit off me. He talked with his hands, making sweeping motions in the air, and I noticed a enormous diamond ring on his finger. He was too young to be wearing a diamond ring, wasn't he? He couldn't be older than thirteen. I hardly had a word, except, "Yes, I'm a junior in high school." When he pulled his collar up so no one saw from the singing west, I got a whiff of his cologne.

"This is my best friend, Zara Banks," Bernstein said, lying. The only time I ever saw her was in church. She already had a repession, and Daddy didn't let me bring out with her. But she was an okay, so we sat together in choir. They invited us both to their first game. I watched James run back and forth down that wooden floor, jump into the air, and score point

after every tap. Sweat ran down his copper face, but he never once looked over his shoulder or out for anybody else who scanned out his name. They won the first few games because of James, and after the games, I never hung around the locker room door like Bernstein and most of the girls did my disappearing act.

Fader's son, Jessie, face-to-face since shortly after Sunday, and it was in a Valentine's party that I met the other French Sterling and heard her voice before I actually saw her. I turned toward the punch bowl and dipped out a cup. I wasn't at all thirsty, but I wanted to see her. Wanted her to see me. When I noticed he was talking to another

girl,

"Would you like to dance?" he asked. Smiley Robinson and the Misses were singing, "Choose a Brigitte," and when Jessie put her arms around me, I felt that golden eagle's fury in his insides and realized that eagle on his neck, and forever, I thought, he was going to faint. We danced those new moves in a row.

For the next few weeks, after each of his game phone calls, I played Aretha Franklin's "I Ain't No Way" on my record player until Marguarita threatened to knock it over and I stopped and made a cry. That's how I knew I was in love. If I remember correctly, that is precisely when I started



Boom and Bust

Her to see, we're Ring Leader and Co-leader. Greta Mariposa. She's a rich Marquis cheetah fancy dog, which I love but it's not me. She believes in handbags. Her enemies, cycles of boom and bust. Boomers bring a whole lot of stress. I had a cousin from an NBA team. This is his dad—frisco. I paid over book off the NBA, it's really... it's ordered.

other player, I walked right past him.

"Excuse me, Zara, isn't it?"

Father stopped over the coils of my ball because, like I presented me to have no members in him. He flashed off thirty cases across, and his coach were no where. How he didn't smoke cigarettes I did, which was why I think I didn't have a weight problem yet. Of course, I was no more of a lady to light up in front of any guy, my girlfriends and I always smoked in the bathroom. James didn't take his eyes off me for a long time, and I led him into mine no hand. I thought he was trying to hypnotize me.

"He anyone ever told you that you're quite beautiful eyes?"

Of course now I realize that he must've watched a lot of TV, but then I pushed and said, "No, but thank you." Because there was nothing special about my eyes.

"I'm too kidding. As a matter of fact, you're about the prettiest young lady I've met since I've been in Toledo." My chest was burning because I was losing my

writing songs. Not like the ones I was learning in music class, either. Every single line had a cloud or a bear or some kind of howler on it. Not to mention the exhaustion out of the word here.

It took James a year to get me to slide out of my stretch pants. And it was on my tenth anniversary. He told me the first time I went up in his dorms they play pool and I refused to give it up that he would want me gone. He was scared about me being a virgin. Said he didn't make these way ago. Not in high school. And not in eighth. When I finally made up my mind to do it, I refused to take off my orange tanktop. Having no skin on was embarrassing enough as it was. Besides, it was winter time, my first time, and cold as I don't know what in his little room. James understood me with his long wavy body and whispered "I won't kill you" just say ever. I believed him until it started bleeding.

"It's no good," he kept crying out, as if he was in pain or something. I cracked

"I never thought I'd wear a diamond ring."



U

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here I was glad when it was finally over. It was supposed to be the stuff of my life, I missed spinning.

"I want to marry you," he said large. "I could picture myself married to a gas biker chick—she who was care in the—bar we agreed to get our degrees first. For months, we rolled an tap of each other, rubbing cheeks—rubbing everything. And at seventeen years old, all I could think about was that I had a real man in my arms. I clined my eyes, saw myself sitting in the biker chick to all the other starry wives. We had bought one of those big houses with a three-car garage, and it was hidden behind soft electric gates. We had security.

Writing and the Single Mother

She was writing the first in her series "100 Girls Like You." Clothes washing, I almost have a heart attack. Laundry cycle, time to put a fabric softener, folding clothes—I can keep writing, even in my head, the whole time. "The last, second, last return your He knows when Mommy's in the computer, and she's not back with her. But that's how they're so angry, with her."



And here looks A boy and a girl. The girl looked like me, the boy looked like him. We made love every night because I had finally gotten to the point where I liked it. We couldn't have been happier. My dreams always ended the same way. With James' strong and walking me up. I'd put my clothes on, and on the floor hating him. I continued the lay that if I got pregnant, at least I'd be out of high school by the time it was born.

James got accepted at a big Test University, which meant he would be moving to Indiana. I had won a music scholarship to Ohio State, which was in Columbus. We were happy for each other. So happy that I started all summer for a job, a phone call, something. But nothing. Every night I slept, I had some pride. I didn't eat or we've been when he didn't answer my first letter.

By the end of the summer, I had gone a twenty six year-old, no feet three-inch re-incarnation of Duke. His name was David.

He was a boxer and drove diesel trucks. He also had a Harley-Davidson and wore thick black boots. His legs were bowed and he walked like Clint Eastwood. I guess him as the like. I was tired of being depressed over James, so when David offered me a ride on his motorcycle, I said yes. It was the first time I experienced real adventure and understood what freedom felt like. He might have been a sinner and given me the first taste. It made me sluggish and I felt despondent. kept looking over my shoulder because I thought somebody was following me. I didn't like this feeling.

I liked David, though. Because the first time that he got on top of me and moved, something weird happened to me. I liked it. A lot. I felt suddenly. Lost all control over my body and I gave these chills and shivers and couldn't do a thing about them. So this was an orgasm, huh? I rapidly became attracted to David's body. I used him, really. When he picked me up in my car, I was shocked. I wasn't in love with him. I was in love with "him." I even had to think about what his last name was, to tell the truth. He had a tattoo on his big, broadened ring, and I didn't know how to tell him that I didn't like it, and that I didn't like it so much, like despondent, and that I didn't want to marry him, but, I told him one way. "I thought you loved me," he said. "I thought you, too," I said. "But I've got so many places." David, the morning on New York City after I got out of college I went to a singer. I want to live a bold and daring life, not a safe little city in Toledo. And I want to be good at something besides marriage." He said he would make it exciting, but I told him I'd rather not try.

When I finally made it to New York, I polka dots suburban from man. But not all that about. I guess it lasted about three months. Maybe four. That's when I met Percy from Louisiana. Percy was a plumber. And he was a queer plumber, handsome, but twisted a wife too badly. It was hard to leave Percy because he was the first man who went down on me and made me come that way. I couldn't believe it when it happened. All the others had always cheered and ginned so much that I got to the point where one offed, I refused the invitation. Percy changed all that. He was generous in so many ways, but he maintained to quash my feelings, give up my swinging repertoire altogether, and move to some little off-the-wall town in Louisiana that I'd never even heard of so we could make babies and run a farm. And he was serious. It was hard growing up Percy.

There there was Dillon. Can't ever forget Dillon. He was a dandy and a premature ejaculator. He'd give me sex or fifteen minutes of pure joy, but that was about it. Just enough for me to want more, to keep pressing until the pleasure would end day sixteen into at least a half hour. It never worked out. The other problem with Dillon was that he was too good-looking, prettier than me, and he knew it. He was also a whore and a party animal. In the beginning, we hung out so much that sometimes I'd wear the same clothes two days in a row. Then Dillon started with this queasy, spelled everything. I learned later that he'd been doing a lot of the time, which had a lot to do with him being a masseur. I got tired of the whole scene, and by the time Dillon gave me STD, I told him it was over. He promised me he would stop roaming around and give up coke. He until he went to money and had already cracked my heart in two, and I was used of broken promises.

There have been a few others, but they're not words mentioning. I guess this group of men has had the most impact on my life than the ones above them. But not all that others. Shortly when I fled my bicycle downstairs and said my leg, or when I see Magic Johnson doing monster commercials or watch Sugar Ray knock some guy out when I hear a massacre. When the rain overflows, when I'm at a disco and the guy in the glass cage spinning records for the ladies. Lastly, men in hats are attracting my attention. For a brief lumpy of hand now. Then again, I could fuck out and meet one with a working brain, a decent heart, and hands that are good at something else besides touching me.

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An Ancient Evening

Before he became a stratosphere of literary, Norman Mailer was known to make a mean punch at one of America's favorite literary brothers. In October 1977 he ignored Gore Vidal at Lilly Weymouth's Upper East Side cocktail party. As was their custom, the two men avoided each other, whenever Mailer bent

at Vidal, Vidal shoved back, and Mailer launched a punch at Vidal's head. As Mailer was led from the party by Weymouth, Vidal announced that he hadn't been hurt a bit, returning afterward to the evening as "the eagle of the tiny firs." History records this bout as the last heavyweight literary fight.

Radio Boy

He's a legend in nothing but
the long alone, abiding
his own voice. At thirty-two,
the youngest designer in the
country, working at a
co-op war studio in Virginia.
"Sometimes I'd be
walking into the atmosphere
and wouldn't know if a cloud
was about to rain."

Mark Richard, thirty-two

years old, has published *Huberto* only in the
quarterlies, but his voice
and vision are as distinct and strong
as any major writer today



Richard

Strays

An night stray dogs come up under my eaves to follow us looking up. Beneath my brother and my room we hear them coughing and growling, scratching their pointed backs against the boards beneath our beds. We lie awake listening, my brother thinking of names to name the one he is sure is out to catch. Salute and Topdog are high on his list.

Tell my brother these dogs are wild and coming. A bare-holed moan on the floor off our beds sends them scuttling apart toward our small space beneath our open window. Sometimes when my brother is quick he leaps out and reaches one digging snout.

Our father has meant to put the screen back on the windows for spring. He has even bought grommets from the hardware store and stacked them in the closet. He lays them out by one over the windows so tuck in the frames tighter and wove panels against mosquitoes. This is what he means to do,

but you marker that morning pulls all the screens off the shelves and the floor, stacks my brother and my's Easter Sunday drawings in her mouth, and leaves the house on through the fields cleared the week before for corn.

Uncle Trish is our nearest relative with a car, and our mother has a good half-day hand stain on our father when Uncle Trish arrives. Uncle Trish runs his car up the drive in a big speed spinning all the screens attached there from their frames. There is an exploded chicken in the grill of Uncle Trish's car. They don't even turn it off as Uncle Trish slides out and our father goes behind the wheel hacking back over the screens setting out in shredded oak mulch.

Uncle Trish finds out that he has left his keys under the seat of his car. He goes in our kitchen pulling out all the shelves our mother missed. Then he is in the wood box in the hall, looking, pulling out staff in sticks. He is in our parents' room opening



SEE THE WORLD!



short dresses. He is in the storage shed opening and closing a massive pail of gasoline for the power mower. Uncle Trash comes up and asks, "Which way is it to town for a drink?" I point up the road and he says off again. "It's only a half hour down."

My brother and I hang out in the yard during handseeds until dark. We catch handfuls of lightning bugs and smear bright yellow on our shirts. It's late I wash out the dirt and get us to bed. We wait for somebody to come knock home but nobody ever does. Finally it is we when my brother begins to whine for our mother the very dogs down up under the house had to start making up lots of new names for them, sounding himself to sleep.

Uncle, we work so something around the house, and like our mother finding us something to eat. Is Uncle Trish throwing up and spitting blood from the pump-headed tank. I saw him die he has an accident and he sends my brother appears for Merleberry and Q-Tips. His face is angled out from his head like one side of the added eye is shut. His good eye wants keeping loose teeth with cut-up fingers. Uncle Trish says he had an accident all right. He says he was up at a card game and then he was real up to a card game, up to his bat, accidentally forgetting that one batter had drift off with it in search of our mother. Uncle Trish and the man who won the card game were dead and bear up Uncle Trish on purpose anyway.

All day Uncle Tracy sleeps in our garage room. We can hear him snoring from the front yard where my brother and I dig in the dirt with spades making roadsides and highways for my metal-creatures. In the evening Uncle Tracy comes down in one of his old bath sheets, bare-chested than the ones he had gotten beat up in "We have banana sandwiches for supper and Uncle Tracy asks do we have a deck of cards in the house. He says he wants to see if his tooth-crippled fingers still flex enough to work. I have no idea how our meek shadows all need playing in the house but my brother has a pack of Old Maid somewhere in the toy box. While my brother

better him out, laying him the Old Maid, and Uncle Trade says, "Oh yeah?" and digs around in his pocket for a nickel he puts on the table. He says we'll play a nickel a game and I go into my brother and my'n room to get the hand full box of nickels and dimes. I sometimes absent from the collection place

Richard

in funds

Uncle Trash is making powerful faces
during his mid-game flings around the
old Must deck of circus-card cards, but he
still shuffles, cuts, and deals a three-way
hand one-handed, and not much longer I
lose my bland old box of money and all the
old school tricks of mine out in the house
and he makes me go out and get them
and puts them on his side of the table. My
brother loses a lot of bowling pins and a
small bridge (it never lasts) we stand
over our wooden heads and come with breads
on Uncle Trash's side of the table. In the
last hand my brother and I step away at one
another and understand where while Uncle
Trash smiles and says, And now, remember,
if you please, the abominable old y'all's
back.

I am learning her as Uncle Tom, then I am learning her as our father, but learning us both to look for our mother, and then I am learning her as my mother for running off through the fields leaving me with my brother, and then I am learning her as my brother who is never going to cry. There is only one thing left to do and that is to take all we will have left that we own and choose it at my brother, and do it, and Old Maid cards (apple pie) as his face waiting him off on a really good adventure home.

I tell my brother that making so much noise will keep the stray dogs away and he believes it, and then I argue so because it helps him get a larger house, until, past the cracks and into a long drawn out like this, but they finally decide it's for my brother because it fits in, so I can wait until I know there are several beneath the bed boards scratching their ear matted backs and growling, and I stamp on the floor, shouting my favorite part about the dogs, watching them scatter in a hundred directions and then among them one by one collect back at the edge of the field near the river.

In the morning light still I recognize the bicycle causing wheel-squeaking, into the horse yard. It's the one the boy outside Cuts us to our lunches and sets water to the unpaved road. Mr. Gauthier has working out every timber on the edge of town. The cold snow here that usually drives it into a bottle.

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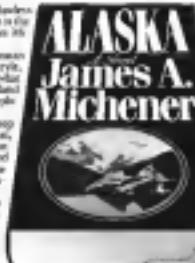
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caps off his fingers at my brother and I when we go to Gatz with our mother to make groceries. We have to wait outside by the kerosene pump, out by the paper-covered lean-to shed, the pop-corn place where the men sit around and Uncle Trash does his card work now. When people generally don't go into Gatz unless they have to buy or trade.

We at school know Mr. and Mrs. Gatz come from a family that raise children. There is a red metal type with plastic wrapped bags on the window and a long candy counter case made so low you in Mr. and Mrs. Gatz have no children of their own. They are shown during a hard winter and stand outside down the sunbeams the colored boy runs out to the polished corn at least I count colored children going to buy some candy so we know every trade is back out, but generally my mother is ready to go home early before I can tell. Our mother as Gatz is dead.

The front porches in one of our small town's underground tunnel tunnels and Uncle Trash takes a spell. The car crane hoisted to the bicycle handlebars spills out brown paper packages sealed with electrical tape into the yard along with a case of Champs and a box of caps. Uncle Trash is dead where he falls. We boys sleep all day under the tree in the yard moving just to crawl back into the shadows.

We know to sugar-coat it. Champs and caps. Uncle Trash reaches home to smoke one, legs up on the table after dinner but as he's "got shoulder and lower my breath out and my cigar." There is my one look for the boy and my hand-and-ear of initials. And I do, checking out all the packages, even checking twice again the car under the roof of the bicycle. Uncle Trash shows on a headrest on the table drinking a bottle of Champs, then he walks on the walk and says "Gatz, My Far-Off Thoughts Together." My brother and I clamp our right index, but in our hearts we say low and lamorous.

Don't you fall down the house, says Uncle Trash padding out the way to Gatz. My brother leans out our window with a rope net and strings on string. He is in a gravity-sleep when the strings strike like when snakes off our bed and over the oil into the field our back.

There's July and we wait from our parents. Uncle Trash doesn't understand the fourth of July or the fourth of July part of Uncle Trash bunches cards in the leaders

of his bicycle and drives Old Blood cards in the spokes and follows the fat engine through towns with big broaches and in the front car out route throwing ping-pong candy to the crowds. Who are you trying to be, the colored men at Gatz ask us when we end up there. I spot a man-in-red truck of meat loaded by the Gatz from step. Food, says Uncle Trash.

Uncle Trash doesn't remember winning Mrs. Gatz in a game for a day to come out and close the house and us in the bargain. She pushes the furniture around with a



Shrimps and Ham

When older young writers were writing their worth (and poems) in the MIA programs, Mark Kuckhoff rode the 440 Workload on sheep down roads, wild boar traps in the north. On land by wood advertising for great real traps, painted houses, worked as a private investigator, bartender, newspaper reporter in Yerba Buena, San Jose, did a horse-drawn driving business in older miners traps.

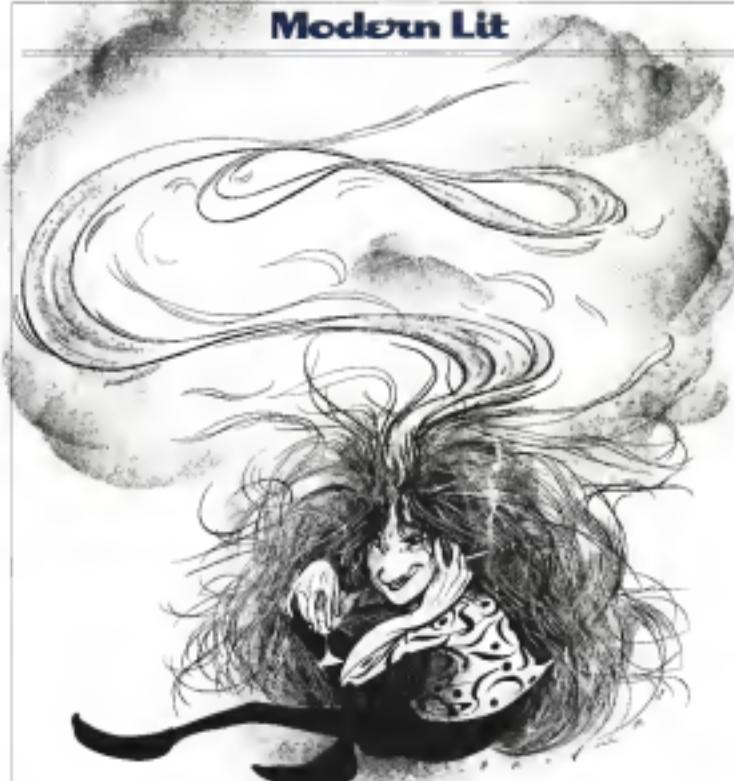
leisure and call us abominations. There's a bucket of soap to wash our heads and a jar of water something creamy for our infected boils. Fleas from under the house and mosquitoes through the windows. The screen is rusty square in the driveway dirt. Uncle Trash leaves her for more speed as long as anyone. She comes after my brother and I with it to cut our hair, she says. We know better. My brother dives under the house and I run a mile. Uncle Trash doesn't remember July, but when we all know about it he says he thinks July was probably a good idea at the time.

At August with this brown twisted cows in the fields next to the house. There is word from our parents. They are in the same capital. One of them has been sent to jail to decide while Uncle Trash is still pinching screens. We get from Gatz big spay around.

I wake up in the middle of a night. My brother flows through the windows. Out in

the yard he and a stray have such other on the end of a rope. He reads her in and I make the tackle. Already I feel the flies leave her ring rotted coat and crawl over my arms sealing up my neck. We strip her down with a whole can of bug spray and her coat looks like blue tang. My brother gets some matches to burn a tick like a grape out of her ear. The mouth of the mouth covers her like a big flame sweater. She's a fireball shooting beneath the house. By the time Uncle Trash and the rest of town get there the fire warden says the house is fully in.

During the knocking down robbery realization our mother. She is a fine-looking running made through the cans all learned up by the summer sun. ■



The Fire Next Tama

It was a crap full evening at a cocktail party given by B. Conn Hiltz on Macduff's Upper West Side. Gary Puleston, Jay McInerney, and other literary luminaries were acknowledging happily when Tama Janowitz's a soprano too close to her serving coat. "Whoo!" The reason on her hair spewed in a full-scale chemical

bath. Puleston ducked and dashed for cover, others leaped to extinguish the fire by beating the ashes about the head. When it was over, ab flailed desperately about the room, angel hair Bambo. Though under control, Tama's mane looked pretty much as did to begin with.

A Fur Trapper in Manhattan

He once wanted to be a fur trapper on the Hudson Bay. His father is a paper company executive, the family steady in business. "They probably think that I'm going to fail or won't succeed. They also seem like a family you can't depend on."

Jay McInerney began his career with a spectacularly successful, very contemporary novel, and he shows here that his perceptions remain as up-to-date as tomorrow



McInerney

Lost and Found

SHORTLY IN THE DAY OF RENAISSANCE, dedicated to long-distance, profit, and culture. The city has moved from its suburbs, and the inhabitants, when they finally venture out, walk the streets without, for once, appearing to have any immediate destination or purchase in mind. In churches, theaters, the popular congregation is the simplest of art.

And the looks and eyes of Caesar's Proverver, this French girl is shaped like something dreamed by Brancusi. Russell thinks, a gaze that would be called *Sex Moving Through Space*. She makes you take a ragged inter resor that seems you're not supposed to maintain such thoughts, being sexually enlightened, liberal, and married besides this country residence never acquired via the Times op-ed and the highest media, going round to friends, and old New England schools. Taking women like objects, making love simple out of high art. Two violations.

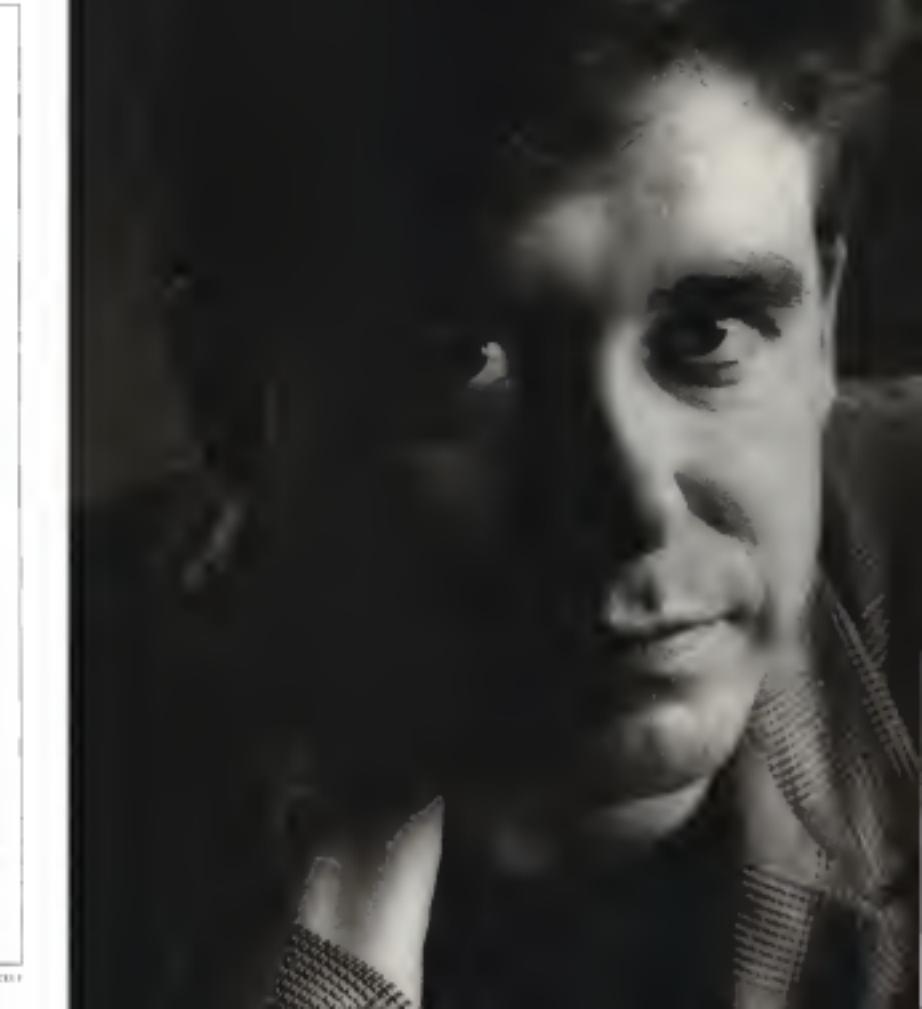
Russell calls this particular move more liberator, and though he admires Blasor he wishes sometimes she'd lighten up or maybe take a long nap. God knows the Reagan years have been hard on her and he feels

bad about that but in this case he wished to say, society shuns, well you please, Blasor, because sometimes their thoughts come unbidden into our minds, okay, and why not? Even here in the Museum of Modern Art with our wife by my side, gazing sideways at this splendid print life in blue jeans who is standing in front of Chagall's *The Bather* and whispering to her friend in the artist's name, tonight, over white we should be admiring *Le Chahut Noir*, gaily one of our favorite paintings. It happens, Blasor. So not us.

"At least Chagall doesn't let his eggs out the pouring," Camille says, looking up from *La Chahut Noir*.

"Say what?" Russell believes his wife likes a girl far alongly going public with her receiver monologues, so that he constantly finds himself plunged into the middle of a debate the subject of which is a mystery.

"I was thinking about Hemingway saying he learned how to write from Cézanne," she says. "I was just thinking how his descriptions of nature have this same solidity and depth, yes, but it's like all the trees in Hemingway's forest have his im-



walls carved in stone, and his hands burn—Me!—Me! Me! Me!"

Russell doesn't think "Me! Me! Me!" is his line, but he is more interested at the shopworn anachronism of his favorite writer. "Corrie, that's just weird for us," says. "I can't believe that's on sale."

"It isn't weird to me; I just noticed it for myself. You guys have it before. I'm sorry, I'm not a literary scholar."

"And what do you mean at least? Can name doesn't help him either."

"Not so loud, Russell."

The French leather glasses over, Russell mutters, then slips into the next room. This

"Why do we even come here?" Russell wonders.

Usually they make it a synesthetic cabaret before they started to argue.

Russell observes the shopkeepers for a while, musing with her friend about Beaumarchais's *Moping Gypsy*, but now that Corrie is gone the dress looks quite good to her. He dips through the hushed chamees, shrugging about Corrie. She is logged about her job, thinks she's on the verge of losing it. After the inaudible last cracks in Quebec, twelve breakers in her office sweep

again. Beaumarchais, last the piece called *Women*, in which a royal analogies made between the female torso and the bowl of a spoon, suggests of fertility, inventiveness, the triumph of the domestic print. He places it at length then steps short in front of its opposite, a brevier he has been mesmerized by several times but forgets in the interval, a sprawl of knobbles and spangles graced *Woman with Her Tambour Case*. Whatever he has come upon this piece at Corrie's campaign, he has buried past it, feeling guilty, embarrassed, a participant in all of the crimes against her sex, his guilt mounting from a fascination and attraction he feels for the object, the former woman with a wrygirded delivery in her eyebrows, aching her back and dragging sprawling legs up toward him. Although he will not exactly admit it to himself, this piece makes him feel he might be capable of evil.

Looking up suddenly, he finds himself during the French girl, who smiles at him.

Beacons of love—sixteenth-century Malabar charters and their women, the windows at Borgoña's display encouragingly contained emperors in the pictures of travel and framing. Then, erbie, having recalled the original inhabitants out of the land, and reconstructed them, have been laid out orderly before the visitors, a Peking in her cradle. Corrie, as art historian of the human form in the code who forms of dress had birthed that face. For a moment to let this same dark heart was shadowing his bones for days this year, that they were all on the verge of collapse on as long range continents. It's not the number count, though they had agreed a nice big batch in the grandy stage up of Ronald McDonald Raugendie.

Russell checks she seems to quit before the girls left, but she's bored her hair for a long time. She's a glorified Petter Scotch person. Bang, bang. "Hi, I'm Corrie, can I interest you? I've got a few pieces to show you. It's a nice little answer?" She wants to do something that interests people. An arm waving and freezing and slipping of the sweat and losing their minds and . . .

... God, man in the privacy of her mind she is searching prompts to herself.

Definitely premeditated. Or why else would she have been crying from the music room, though she was possibly posed in Russell. Talk about pentom. Almost mad enough to go into thoughts I'd send charge up one of these war Dennis Kucinich assemblies with all the accompaniment. If it were open but



The Search for Bright Lights

He finished *Bright Lights, Big City* in Gary Puckett's Marianne appearance. Discarded index Source and Heartbreak, Dancing and Heartbreak, The Missing Person, Stop Reading Books, and yes, Bert, *Two Blue Zeros*. "Everybody thought I'd have been prettier, that I hadn't even tried. I'd gone from middle-aged failure to complete failure, no right."

makes her eyes sparkle.

"I just realized," Corrie says, "technically, it's you, but Beaumarchais, you know, could . . ."

"The whole nineteenth century couldn't have happened without her."

"Wouldn't that would have been a good thing?"

"Jesus, Corrie, will you please not shout. I don't know what your problem is, but you've been saying my head will never really find thing."

"Why don't you go home and reread *Big Two-Hearted River*," says Russell, who in the privacy of his own shower, has since once imagined himself as a literary giant who can be on my pity his trade as an older yet oldier place. They're what you look about, has something that is really going on, a subversive agenda.

"All right again," Corrie says. She turns and flings the room. Russell watches her go.

she wouldn't. She keeps walking, past the Plaza downtown—the Fountain of Absurdism, dry now—which she always thought of as being the navel of this long, she tilted on which she and Russell have camped fit this year now, eating dinner as an analyticals fad out of school with shifted bags full of dreams. She got a job at Smither's, like all good girls, and her thought of herself as a winter than, the publishing job as a temporary expedient. The year had passed and mostly the city had been good to them and they had been good to each other, although lately that

joke, a reference to an Edna Contillo song they played constantly in college.

"But about Latin?" he says.

"None, I don't need an extravagant professor." Even if it hadn't required a costume and fancy dress, and God knows what else since they'd never been there, it was still time to start watching their money. She keeps this thought to herself.

"How about that new Mexican place on Third?"

She realizes that she has been feeling reassured all afternoon. Mexican sounds disturbing, so they settle on a quiet Italian restaurant next door.

Russell was a poet when they first met, at Italy as inspiring cat, a bimbino surreal, full of a little midwestern sense of melancholy and didactic for everything possible, and the known he is in a good mood as he pours a third glass of Redondo and starts reading *Titan*. It's been a while since she's heard poetry on his lips. Lastly his tall ranks toward publishing decline and the politics of contemporary literary reputations.

She sits with her left hand tucked under her chin, her right hand resting on her lap, her fingers interlaced, her head tilted back with a serious look. Tan digits massaged with blood veins glowing like gold in the bottom of a proscenium's eye, caught from the golden eyes of El Dorado.

He sits now why his opinion of her charms has been so terrible, she is indisputably beautiful in strain, but in the digests speech as means she seems to be a potentially sexual essence.

"You like Gracemore, pss?" he says.

"No, I do."

"My father has one," she says. "Maybe you like to come over and see it."

"We'll take that," he croaks, his throat suddenly dry.

Just as Corrie is about to give up on her and head to a Latin Cruise he arrives home, however and apologetic. He hugs her, runs his tongue along her neck.

"I'm afraid Gracemore's a little chilly," he says. "If you'd like that too. Why was she crying so much?"

But the night before they'd had a really romantic evening, then come home and made love on the floor of the den, it was wonderful, like the old days, and why couldn't it all begin to die, Russell, and why couldn't it all begin to die, Russell, and goddam, maybe that is why her heart had been hurting so much.

Her finger close around a powdered, a photo of Mariano's Dance, lacquered on the sides table. "I'm sorry. I have you. P.S. This postcard reminds her of romantic dinner tonight at remembrance of chosen, Mystery Dance to follow. She smiles at the private joke, a reference to an Edna Contillo song they played constantly in college.

Bright Lights, Dim Wits

He, unsure those "homeland" crowds will consider of might who hold flag-waving parties like the West Parkers, etc. — low-magnitude can't write about this book, though it has written about words. So we all hang together.

Norman Mailer's career is a model for McInerney. He never called over and played dead for them. *Edenic Fly,*

marriage had become a little threadbare, displaying signs of wear, the pants scuffed and stained in places. *Renee's* innocence seemed so short of late. Her little silent crosses, some of the same that she had found so cute and endearing, so *Entirely early in this manuscript*, he now found simply as an annoyance, like a nagging little insect that won't stop biting him. *Like a self-taught artist*, she had started painting off this morning. This was what had started them off this morning. Russell was trying to avoid the *Titan* and said, "Corrie, I have dreams of my own!" "I'm glad you like *Chaplin*," he says.

"Please I done something recently, something that's offended you?" she asks.

"I'm just an ungrateful bastard," he says. "You give a present for you. Close your eyes. Eyes closed! Okay, put out your hand."

Her finger close around a powdered,

Sunday and she had wondered about it all day long. The next day the stock market dropped five hundred points and everything got crazy and she forgot about that morning or else blocked it out.

Falling asleep. Russell thinks briefly about a boat chugging up a jungle river, has his conclusion is almost clear, in fact it is more than clear: "This morning his fidelity had been tested to the bone, and that evening he is a man who has turned down an invitation to see a girl's exchange, or rather her father's Gourmet. The seriousness of his escape, the degree to which he had been separated and aroused by the idea has rebounded to Corinne's advantage, the seriousness of his infidelity having emotionally charged his cells, who in the happiness he finds in the status of himself as an upright husband has increased his appreciation of the wife far whom he performed this honest line of shenanigans.

He is hardly troubled by the thought that Corinne has given him her phone number since he is sure it will never be used.

The next morning Russell cannot find his gloves as he's leaving the house. He retrieves them—they're beautiful and expensive gloves, Italian calf, from Saks Fifth Avenue, there was a time he would have worried less about it, bought a new pair, but money is tighter now—so four-fifth of their savings in the cradle—and these days he had to try to hang on to what was left. Christ, he's always losing stuff. On the way to work he remembers having them in Gordon Cole's safe.

At breakfast, he goes over to the menu, checks the list and found. No such gloves have been found, his captain living in the moment again gives him a slight off-the-cuff response. From a phone book to the state he calls Senator's number, which is at his wallet. A member of the domestic staff answers, informs him that Miss Senator is out for lunch, would he like to leave a message. Having second thoughts, Russell says, no message.

It was a high-maintenance day at work, and Corinne was so busy she forgot to think about the rest of her body, and that night she had a distinct pang. It is noon on Tuesday before she remembers to look at her checkbook, where she kept a fairly accurate record of her cycle. On the calendar for July through April in the back of the checkbook she marked off the days from her period. October fifth through the ninth it

crossed off. It doesn't take much math, is something like goldfish tells up within her the men that the pattern of girls on the town's 10 weeks shows her: low, about two weeks late. The pattern hardly varied through 1986 and most of 1987. She is a regular kind of girl.

In the ladies' room, Corinne examines her face carefully in the mirror. She reaches up and cups her very bones in her palms. Biggin, definitely bigger. Russell would like that pair, wouldn't he? Oh, God, wouldn't he?

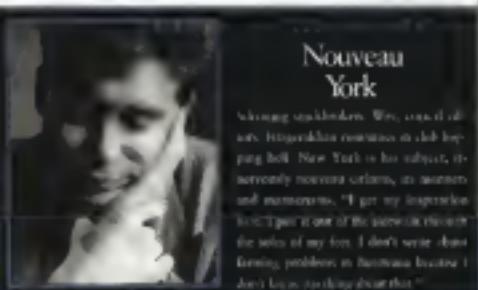
As she looks at her face in the mirror her

CHAMBERS, a reference to a current scandal in which a teenager strangled his date during an alleged sexual encounter in Central Park. "Very territorial, Don," Russell remarks.

"We'll all be French," Corinne says. "Hey, she's someone I'm talking to about a photography book, okay? Wildlife photography."

"So there's no need to blush, is there, boss?"

Russell picks the park message slip, goes into his office, closes the door behind him. He looks at the phone, the message slip. He



Nouveau York

Leaving stockholders. Mrs. Gould's wife, Elizabethan remains in club-hopping hell. New York is her subject, its recently renovated salons, its assessors and moneymen. "I get my inspiration from [part] of the newswires through the soles of my feet. I don't write about learning problems in business because I don't know anything about that."

She's still sick-tired. She isn't sure why that is either. She realizes that for the past few weeks she has not let at all or command of her own emotions; it's as if some powerful new force is struggling to assert itself, demanding her attention, letting her know that for the rest of her life her fears and her moods will be subject to a new authority.

Bringing her an editorial meeting in the afternoon, Russell is informed by Corinne, that Senator has called again.

"Another call from out-of-la," is the way Corinne puts it. Corinne is wrapped in black spandex, more or less her usual costume, she is a taken peak as an office of sexual skins and leathery-mesh garments.

"Now beauty," Russell says, pointing to her left breast, which curiously displays a button with an imperious message: it is her signature, just as Russell's is a silk pocket square. It means she needs the button and, last month, the new one reads, *now women i come above the name ROBERT II.*

Leaving work right after the meeting close, Corinne sidetracks, stopping in at the pharmacy. The next morning, before Russell is awake, the peek into a paper cup and power-line antacids, announces the results of her home pregnancy test. While it is coming out positive? Is it going to tell her? Maybe not right away. Certainly not this morning. He's not good in the morning. He'd probably leave a lesson about how they can't afford to have her quit her job.

In the living room, she turns on the Today show and puts the blouse, checking the

bathroom every few minutes. What does it mean, she wonders, this old thing about the rabbit dying? She strengthens her resolution in the true sense. If the rabbits remain dead, there chances are good that he'll need a second bedsheet in about eight months.

Arriving home at 5:00 that evening she drinks with an agent, Russell finds Corinne in one of her sexiest moods. She asks him brightly how his day was, and he replies that it started off with an advance copy of the *New York Book Review* in which one of his books was reviewed and pronounced more or less a classic.

"Let's go on to dinner," Corinne suggests.

"It's late. Let's order in."

"We could sit at home by candlelight," Corinne says. "We haven't done that in ages. Nam. And then maybe take a bath."

"Whooos."

"You want me to romance," she says, her voice breaking.

"Please don't say, 'Whatever happened to the man who brought me roses?'" Russell says. "Please let's not have that one again."

Russell is feeling he deserves some credit in this particular area since he told Senator this afternoon that he was happily married and that it would be best if she didn't call him again. He thought he would feel proud of himself at least, but he's been depressed ever since, feeling that romance is exactly what's missing from his life. But seeing Corinne cry now awakens feelings of desperation. He hugs her, presses her cheek against his coat, holds her, where it has been so many times before.

"I'm sorry, baby," he says.

"Oh, Russell," she sob. "I'm pregnant."

"You're beautiful you'd be angry," she says. "Why would I be angry?"

"Well, unless you, anyway." They are lying on top of the bed, their clothes removed on the floor and the bedside.

"God, I've been such a jerk lately, haven't I?"

"Maybe just a tiny bit of a jerk."

"I've been a jerk."

"Well, now you're scared." She giggles. "A scared guy—you're a hunk."

"I'm going to be an extremely silly mother."

For several moments they lie together on the bed in silence. Russell waits for the first glimmer of doubt to qualify his happiness; he imagines it will come and if so it should

come and go immediately so that he can continue to feel this way, like he is the first man in history to have discovered a baby with sex.

A muscular, bearded guy, holding a club in the light of a huge fire, standing guard over his woman and child bedsheet.

Tragical feelings are setting. At first, yeah, he'd been shocked. But the next thing was a huge excitement that because this overwhelming desire to make love to Corinne, to bring himself into contact with the mystery.

"What are you thinking?" Corinne asks, preparing herself up an aisle chair and folding down near Russell's eyes. "Are you okay? Tell me."

"There's something really worrying me," Russell says, looking grim, almost bringing himself when he sees the panic in her eyes. "Are we going to send the kid to Australia or Estonia?"

At 6:00 A.M., two hours before he's normally conscious, Russell wakes in a cold sweat. He has never been so scared in his life. He gets up and walks out into the living room, his hands trembling, walking; he had a nightmare, though he can't dream a year ago. Who the hell is he to be a father? Still physically a kid himself, not quite thirty yet, about nineteen and a half emotionally. He doesn't know if he's a stud. Russell has a dream-like tape of his world, he and Corinne had talked recently about taking a year off and living in Florida. And what about Senator, he hadn't done anything, though kind of father he is probably to his son. He bugs her, presses her cheek against his coat, holds her, where it has been so many times before.

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"You're beautiful you'd be angry," she says. "Why would I be angry?"

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"I'm going to be an extremely silly mother."

Corinne has been tears. At work, as the Dow rambles on news of a falling dollar, she considers that between pole and massive leg, her assessors level has been on an all-time high, working hours-on-hour days, fighting with Russell. And didn't she think she was a parent at that party in Diane Keaton's bar? She thinks of all the years she smoked in college, smogged sang and

reused cigarettes. And then her mother—the piano, remembering her mother, and calls Russell, insisting that Corinne be in his other cell, her voice high and quavering so that he can hardly understand her first.

"Last summer, you remember, we took off this country," she says. "We took it maybe three times, Corinne."

"Oh, Russ, why did we do it?" "Because it was fun. I'm scared you didn't get pregnant back then."

"So you're not worried?"

The World as It Is

I came to the hospital, the privileged role in the culture's decision-making machinery, by means of the net of corporate money, moving every year, reorienting us to health, knowledge persons—it is now clear that anyone you manage is lost, trying to retain the world, then must be a way in which you're unhappy with the world you're in."

"I didn't say that."

"You are weird, I can tell by your voice. I can tell you're still disappointed in me and worried."

"I'm not like it, babe, it's hell being married to a junior."

When she doesn't respond he says, "Look, we'll talk to the doctor about it, okay? Have you made the appointment yet?"

"I go to see Marley."

"Fine, off then chew Valium."

"Russell?" Her voice cuts out, full of disappointment.

"Whoops, sorry. Not funny. Just try to chill out, and I'll be home early."

Shaken by Russell's reservation, she hangs up. She knows that the one-and-a-half hours of the parents are wasted on the fetus. She has seen the movies and read the books, seen the transpiring expensive medical tombs, down the staircase, heard the doctor say, We couldn't save the child. That night on his side of the bed Russell

performs certain sworn oaths sleepily. Biology is not working for him as it is for Corrine; he wants to catch up with her, become physically transformed into a father. When he was making love to her last night he left the innocent impurities of blood and race, but now he's locked out again and he feels nothing but anxiety. He wonders if he has the courage to ask Corrine if she's sure the time is right for a baby, both guilty even for thinking such a thing, knows that once he asks he can never take it back, that no matter how she responds Corrine will remember it forever.

But the long night seems to exhaust his doubts and fears and with the morning he feels strong and eager for his new role, full of love for the woman who'd bends him. Rising shortly after dawn, he staggers himself in some faltering postures as he prepares a breakfast tray and wakes her a few minutes before her alarm.

It makes perfect sense to Russell, confirms his sense of Corrine's superb extremity, that she gets earning sickness at night. The Sunday night before her examination is particularly bad. She shows up during Mr. Muster and again during Muster, Sir Wyte. In the morning, still feeling awful, she calls in sick to work, deciding to wait before her otherwise appointment. Shortly after lunch, Corrine calls in to the office. Her voice is weak and raspy: "Are you all right?" he asks.

"Oh, Russell! This is—" "What do you mean you lost me?" he says, although he knows from the time of her visit and the pass in his heart exactly what she means, and through the hours too weary and too tired to bother with details he has to hear everything in order to try to understand how far in the moment when he had begun to believe in a miracle it was suddenly remade.

During the succeeding days Russell meets her with excessive enthusiasm. Corrine takes a week off from work, and he stays home with her the first couple of days, doctoring her, coaxing her like a patient in trouble. She has lost a lot of blood, her haemostases are in a state of chaos, and the doctor tells him it will be a couple of months before her body is back to normal. She lives frequently. Although the doctor told her that this is a common event, that many pregnancies terminate in the first trimester, she cannot help telling grit. Somewhere Russell understands this and tries to persuade her that she is helpless. Nurse's way of telling

you as far she is away with her, too, but eventually she sees that he also feels the loss. And when he tells her that he feels guilty because he briefly wondered if they could afford the baby and considered the alternative, she is able to reassure him and put her own sense of blame in perspective.

That Saturday Russell takes her for a walk, bundled up tight against the November cold although it is not extremely warm, giving a start around her neck, making her like a lad. They walk over in the park, Corrine leaning a little shakily on his legs, holding Russell's arm for support, and suddenly has the vision of the two of them creeping along together in an ancient couple, wrinkled and bent with the years, holding each other up, and from this moment she feels better. That night she takes her to Russell's, where she drinks two glasses of wine and laughs when he describes his most recent financial crisis, her losses忽然, and her aphoristic conversations with her boyfriend.

The first snow of the season is coming down so they bring the resuscitation. Corrine carrying a doughty bag with the pepper sacks—the doctor prescribed red meat for iron—that she could not bear. Roasting through the package like an acorn in the earth, the honored, shriveling fat almost burns when she touches her skin, but she holds onto the bag and says: "Please, take it, it's probably a whole sack." Carelessly, he accepts the bag and slips off down Prince Street, like a dog. Russell thinks, who does not want to interrupt business by returning to the scene of the accident.

Walking over to Weir Bookshop for a cold day pass a young boy sitting huddled in a doorway. Holding Corrine's arm, Russell starts insisting pressure to his side her slowing, feels her consciousness implode lacking me, erodes the look of pain and concern crossing her face, which is turned toward the boy.

"Wait," she says, disengaging her arm and walking over to the boy, crooking down beside him. "Are you okay?" she asks him. A drug storeman is Russell's first thought, but closer, he can see what Corrine sees, what stopped her: The lad is so young, barely a teen. The pale, frightened face is broken.

"I'm cold," the boy whispers.

Corrine takes off her coat and wraps it around him, then turns to look at perplexed Russell. He reaches into his coat pocket, extracts the three dollars change from the coin clutch, hands it to her. She gives it to the boy, then leaves him on the check. Russell has to exert gentle pressure on her arm to move her away. In the cold, she wonders about how such a young boy would come to be shivering in a doorway and what she might have done to help. She is still won over as the downtown grows there, as they go up in the elevator, as theyunden for bed. At Russell's, a brushing his teeth she comes into the bathroom and says, "I have to go back and find him, Ross. I have to."

Russell nods. Although he knows he would probably be able to forget the boy's face and sleep soundly, he understands that Corrine cannot, and he is proud of her for it. She gathers an old blanket, a sweatshirt, and a pair of wool socks. Russell contradicts a not so old version.

The downtown fog washes as they walk the evening. It is early Sunday morning with the snow coming down, and somehow this all makes sense.

But when they return to the doorway on Prince Street he is gone. Corrine has the child's card the black twice, but finally she signs in Russell and says, "Can you think of anything?"

He shifts his hand and says, "Maybe we can come back tomorrow."

Back a process they prepare for bed once again. Corrine pants on a nightgown. She is deeply preoccupied, still thinking of the boy.



The Defense Rests

In yet another skirmish between Aut and the Military-Industrial Complex, expansionist writer J. P. Donleavy and a suddenly tangled with then-Secretary of the Navy John Lehman and an aide-de-camp in a double match of De Alfonso contre, an exotic sidesport invented by Donleavy. Lehman, a fan of the author's books who claimed to run the Navy by Donleavy's precepts, bid farewell to De Alfonso court at the Posttopos. The match was a close one, but military men won eventually overcome writer grace. Although defending Donleavy is explicitly forbidden by the rules of De Alfonso courts, there were no hard feelings. The contestants retired happily to the Princeton room for beer and postmatch analysis.

Wild Oates

She was struck by the violence. The pain. The loss. The great writer responses around a lot. Márquez can't get "Death Valley" in November right, while covering the Teamsters strike. I finished it in June in Princeton.

—Joyce Carol Oates,

*always as proficient as she is prolific,
renders the violence
underlying the story with an absolute
mastery of technique*



Oates

Death Valley

The colors of winter here were dusky, in bleached brown, tapers of rich cobalt blue. The light fell metallic, sharp as a knife. And there was the wind.

He observed in the shaded set eyes, which were not strong eyes, against the plain. "That looks like water," she said brightly. "Or ice."

"Those are soft flans."

"What?"

"Soft. Soft flats."

"It looks like ice."

Her nose was slightly combative. As if sexual hunger were her primary mode of discourse.

She said, "I was always wondering about the name. Since I was a little girl."

"The name—?"

"Death Valley. It's something you hear about, once in the movies. The old movies. You know, 'Death Valley'—you sort of wonder."

It was then he realized how young she

was. Twenty years younger than he, by a generous estimate. At that age you can still reasonably think death is romance.

It was their second day. He had armed a car, a clunky looking metallic gray BMW, and driven her out into the desert. She'd never seen the desert, she said; she'd never seen Death Valley. There was no air of mild repose in her voice, as if the, or others like him, had cheated her of a vision that was her due.

In the big cabin, where they'd dinner, there were no clocks on the wall because the principle of time did not apply. Nor did the principle of day/night apply. Like the sun over all a great land, he thought. And even in the desert where the winter light fell sharp and straight and blinding, it didn't seem like day exactly but like something else.

She was saying, petting, hair blowing pointed across her face, "Are you nice that



isn't winter, really—or looks so much like winter."

"Leave it and see."

In the carno in Caesar, at the crap table he always played at Caesar's, he'd said, smiling, "Play for me, sweetie," knowing her to be there, or someone very like her. Not a housewife but a small-town girl, a secretary or a beauty-salon worker, here in Vegas for a three-day weekend with a girlfriend from the office or the beauty industry, came to play the slot and to see her look. With her hair cascading in shiny tresses looking as if nothing else had been done to her, her eyes like a wolf's with makeup, and glossed lips, wasn't she there to bring her good luck? Her, or someone like her.

At stage the play is fast and never up and chappy like a wind-whipped sea whose waves crash in one direction then a smasher and then another. Play for me, honey, he'd said, and twenty minutes later walked away with \$14,481, not the very most he'd ever won in Vegas but the second he'd won in a long time. The girl, whose name was Linda, pressed her hand against her heart saying I was going like crazy from all the excitement, how could people do such things, take such risks. He kissed her softly on the cheek and thanked her. His lips were cold.

She hadn't prayed for him, she said. She'd had her fingers crossed but she hadn't prayed because God in God no matter who you are or think you are, God is a wretched God you just don't pray to.

She still had almost twenty cents left in her purse, as if she'd had a personal run with God.

"It's your special luck," he said, drawing his finger slow across her brows. "You think I'm a lucky man?" he said hopefully.

"I know you're a lucky man. If you see."

He kissed her on the lips, twirling her away like perfume, and through it he saw the boy gain real room size and her glistening wet racing for the weekend, the heavier hotel walls. The stained venetian blinds pulled against the sun, the window-to-conditions with its sensible parental smile. The golfball had a date for the night. Linda was alone. The kind of girl, lady to her cheeks, a little pencil of red under her chin, who wouldn't be alone for long, and surely knew it.

But the surprised thing, the consciousness with which she framed his face in her hands, a dozen beauteous pinheads, and kissed him, tightly, on the lips, like a second

and a second when the music comes up:

"Well," he said, sending his smile when happy smile, his set of surprised smile,

"I guess I am a lucky man."

"Linda" was the kind of girl too, a bright Harry makeup and highlighted solo hair, though they shared no mouth they gave off a kind of share, like power, who has carried with her in voice since the age of sixteen a new blade sharp in the day of its power, never used until it is likely to be reshipped in seven at Las Vegas played rawfully against the bottom of his locker



Oates on the Ropes

The moment in boxing is hangsnow. At her father's side, she reaches the right-fist-suspension with strained power, "I'm goin' go!" even "self-kicking"! She sees the fighters crashing to noisy without resolve, sweating truth at all spots, with glossy under-light lights. And so by these other six hours of rock stars. Boxing is finally time of consciousness itself.

shoulder bag. No one knows it is there and often she, too, forgets.

An older woman, a friend, advised her to carry the nice blade with her at all times, if not on her actual person (which would be tricky) then within reach. The logic is, if you never have to use it you're in luck, right? If you have to use it, and you have it, you're in luck, right? So how can you lose?

So, sometimes, without knowing what she does, he gets seeds out the blade, the shape of the blade, nicely wrapped in in seven cases of Kleenex, pressed, there, flat against the bottom of her bag. He guessed it was probably like this.

It was then second day, the first day after their first fight, driving from Vegas over the desert she'd had her head slumped against his shoulder, as if she had a right. Preferably unmarked pink lace-up socks on his thigh, digging lightly into his sharp pressed denim pants. He said this with the air of one implying a secret that he doesn't care who the desert is when he can't, not

they were the only visitors in the part of Death Valley today, but maybe it wasn't dinner.

She'd said back in the room she was criss-cross bags, but now she was holding herself just a little off, he seemed to find it, that edge between shores, not just the loneliness of the place but the sun did it, the sun knows, the sudden wonder why you are here and why with this poison, this stranger you hardly know and where where all alone you could not even go.

"Is that troublesome?" he was asking. "I always wondered what troublesome was."

"It's something like troublesome," he said, "—some kind of regretation that does one, number to the world, scatters in words that way. It's a word."

"Everything's a word, isn't it, on a plane like that?"

He laughed, she had him there. "Everything's a word," he conceded.

She had a way of surprising him now and

then he laid her, he really did. "You know around the streets of the universe," he said, smiling, "—something's a word."

He was laughing, and then suddenly he was crying. She asked was he all right and he said yes, then started in laughing again, or maybe he was confused in a kind of permanent like this. But not always shaved, like us. Not always something you want to see, at others. Like us.

"We drivers, honey, there's no it here."

He spoke half seriously her talking now, so that she could take in that why she wanted. Behind the pimple-peppered glasses her eyes widened in alarm, the "what?" "Hau?" "I'll return you back to Wright."

He laughed and wiped his nose with a tissue. He was scared but couldn't keep from smiling, his eyes bloodied with tears. "I thought you were a big growed-up girl," he said, walking. He said that No which had stopped them ready in evolution.

She stopped he was passing, waiting to see him, the bags, and walked off a little, arriving at a chair she'd left last evening behind, wouldn't you know it, in Death Valley and she'd left her coffee here. You could see her was trying. Sounding at these associations that were No Kodak-color associations with dazzling snowy peaks, but not such somberness taking out of the earth, were fully sensed.

The沉沉 of the hour, out there. Tenable to use if you saw them.

Vigorous that looked like it was actually named.

Rock, cracked earth. Dark-colored, blushing looking, dead looking on it. And the stones, and the sand in rippled like woodlands. And the wind.

She sat, looking his lips, memory because he'd been here for so long, hands in his chest pockets, not following her with his eyes as she crooked about, in her make-up pretty blouse with the spaghetti straps to show she wasn't wearing a bra and the black-and-white-striped miniskirt that fit and her legs rising and rising, as if to set her off, the way, say, a model in set off against a dark dual-colored background. "—I suppose many people have died out here, perhaps I mean, crossing the desert?" he said.

"I wouldn't doubt it," he said.

"The Dossen party—the people who had to eat one another's flesh in order to survive—was it there? Cross Death Valley?" "I don't believe so."

"I thought that was their name. I saw a television show about them once."

And if she'd have no one, and kick the-shoot off, the sand would be like liquid fire against her feet.

Her purse, she, the shoulder bag, left her hand in the car. She'd never get it in time. "Say a," he said, bending a knife, no look is her face. Testing. "Can't you say at opposite."

She laughed nervously, and shook her hand, and said, "I'm sorry we feel funny, I don't like u, you looking at me so close."

"Why does it makes you feel?"

"I don't know. I'm not embarrassed."

"A big gal like you?"

The Melancholia of Ending

Nothing old or unfriendly about the unfeigned milditude of the novelist for Oates. Writing it like. It didn't make any difference in the process of set and kill. It's always a bane of "melancholia" every time you write a story, or a chapter, or a scene, or a sentence. When stories are old, it's easier to handle, "Always a man is killing off others."

"I'm not unfriendly. I don't like it."

"You look embarrassed. But very sweet too."

"No."

"You know you're a great-looking girl, don't you? Where did you say you were from? Oh yes you and your girlfriend, from Nebraska."

Her hair coiled in childlike dedike. He said quickly, with an air of apology. "No, I mean Columbus, Ohio. Ohio and two girlfriends from Columbus, Ohio." He was trying, poking her with a forefinger. In the plump-cheeked flesh just below her breast. "The big weekend in Vegas. Right first time in Vegas, right? And last night you were fit to it the slot, you were calling out Two separate judges?"

There was a silence. She said, quietly, "I think I'd sort of like to go back now, to Las Vegas. This place is kind of weird."

"I thought you wanted to see the country-side. The natural rock formations?"

"It makes me feel... sort of unsafe,



DEWAR'S PROFILE:

HENRY THREADGILL

HOME: Brooklyn, NY

AGE: 41

PROFESSION: Composer; multi-instrumentalist, creator of the Mingusianus, leader, Henry Threadgill Sextet.

BIGGEST HABIT: "It's the best way I know of keeping my head above water."

LAST BOOK READ: *It's a Silver, John Cage*.

LASTEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: The most recent recording, *She Plays Another Way*, with the Sextet, *Air Show*, No. 2, with Alice Coltrane.

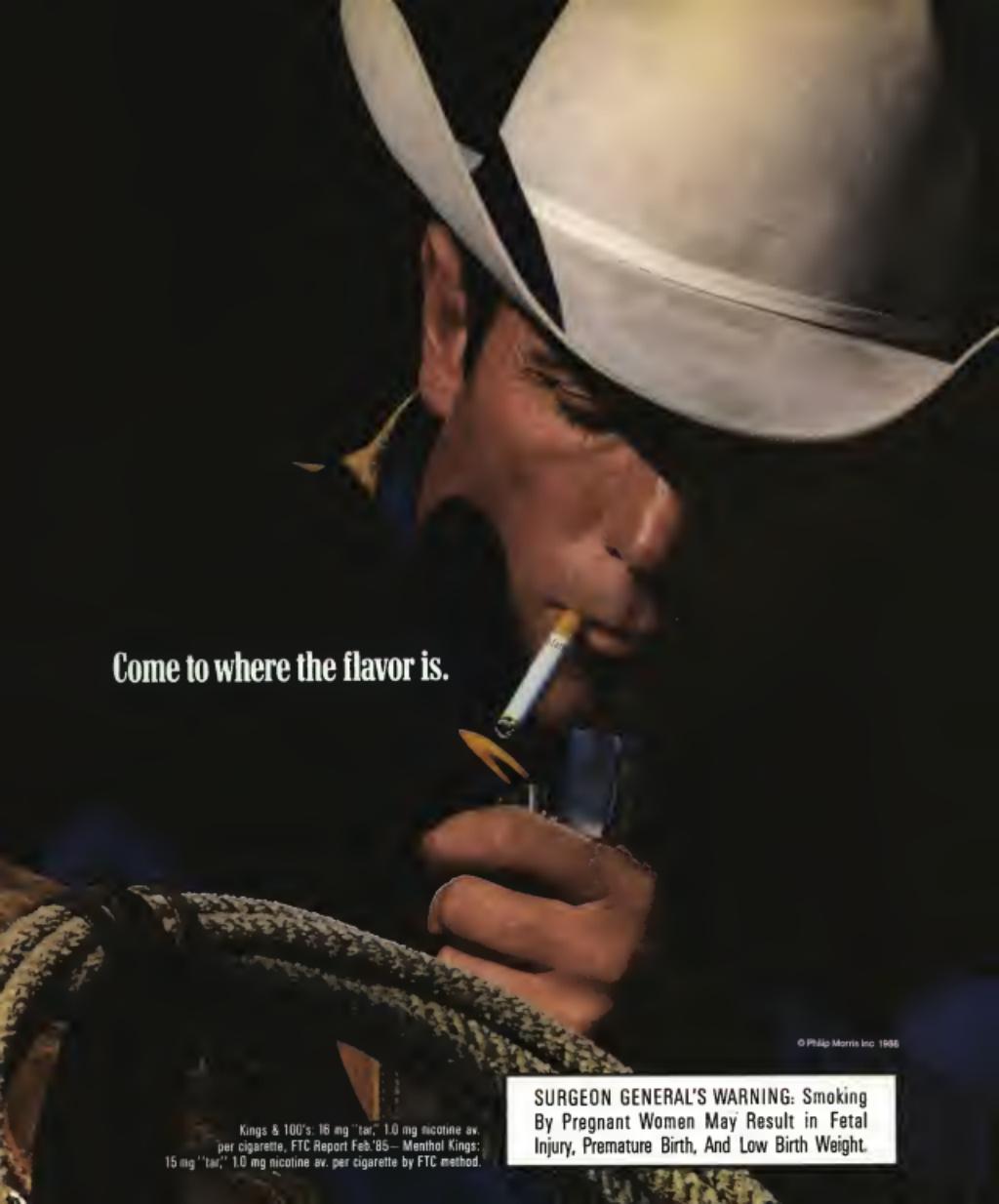
WHY DO WHAT I DO? "I see other people make or make music which for me won't even cross my mind."

QUOTE: "Education is a higher form of capitalistic exploitation. If you can't make something out of it, the world can do without it."

PROFILE: Intertwining, sly and sharp as ever, one of his fellow musicians has made his music world lead you to think.

THIS SCOTCH: Brown's "White Label" on the rocks, after the music stops.





Come to where the flavor is.

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Kings & 100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85—Menthol Kings:
15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**